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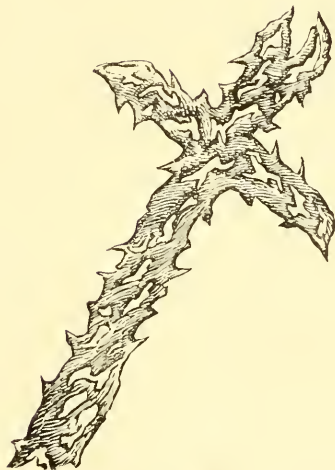
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1896



Very Sincerely,
Salem Armstrong-Hopkins

FRUIT OF SUFFERING



BY

SALENI ARMSTRONG-HOPKINS, B. E., M. D.

Author of "Pork and Mustard," and
"Sequel to Pork and Mustard."



BUFFALO
THE PETER PAUL BOOK COMPANY
1896

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A TRUE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

who

“Walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh the truth in his heart:”

who

“Slandereth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his friend,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.”

who

Esteems every other man better than himself—
“In honor preferring” others.

A GENTLEMAN

Of peerless heart and mind—
Kind, tender, gentle, and modest as a woman;
Strong, courageous, courteous, self-respectful and brave;

Rarely taking offence, and never giving it;
Always attributing the best motives to others,
And never surmising evil;

Possessing refined taste, broad culture, profound scholarship,
Strong personality and deep religious experience,
Yet counting himself the least among his brethren.

Such an one is the

REV. GEORGE FRANKLIN HOPKINS, A. M.

and to him

“FRUIT OF SUFFERING”

Is tenderly and affectionately

DEDICATED

By her whom he has honored and blessed
With his love and companionship,
His wife, the Author.

Be true and be pure,
Labor and love alway;
So shalt thou be great,
And achieve all real good.

CONTENTS.

	COMPOSED.	PAGE.
DEDICATORY PRAYER . . .	June 19, 1892 . . .	13
FRUIT OF SUFFERING . . .	June 10, 14, 1892 . . .	19
NATURE'S VOICE	July 8, 1883 . . .	25
NATURE'S LESSON	July 1, 1883 . . .	30
"CONSIDER THE LILIES" . . .	June 16, 1892 . . .	33
A SABBATH EVENING PRAYER	April 22, 1883 . . .	38
"THE FIELDS—ARE WHITE— TO HARVEST"	August 1, 1884 . . .	40
"NONE OF THESE THINGS MOVE ME"	December 10, 1883 . . .	42
A JUNE DAY IN INDIA . . .	June 10, 1892 . . .	44
"THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD"	June 11, 1892 . . .	48
NO LIGHT AHEAD	September 29, 1883 . . .	49
"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID" . .	May 9, 1892 . . .	51
WHAT MATTERS IT?	May 9, 1895 . . .	53
FRIENDSHIP	May 27, 28, 1895 . . .	54
TO FATHER	June 23, 1884 . . .	56
MY FATHER'S PICTURE . . .	May 12, 1895 . . .	57
ALONE WITH MEMORY . . .	May 12, 18, 1895 . . .	62

	COMPOSED.	PAGE
A SISTER'S LOVE	December 19, 1895 . .	67
MY SISTER WILLA	August 7, 1883 . .	70
TO WILLA	August 2, 1883 . .	74
A BIRTHDAY GREETING . .	December 7, 1883 . .	76
A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE .	May 15, 1892 . .	80
MY LITTLE BOMBAY JEWESS .	December 2, 1894 . .	89
MY ESTHER	May 27, 1895 . .	90
"IN HIS NAME" AND "FOR HIS SAKE."	April 22, 30, May 2, '95	96
OUR INDIAN FAMILY	May 28, 29, 30, 32, '95	106
"OUR PALACE"	December 28, 1892 . .	131
TO G. F. H.	December 24, 1892 . .	138
A FAREWELL MISSIVE TO G. F. H.	January 1, 1893 . .	139
A WELCOME HOME TO G.F.H.	January 5, 1893 . .	140
MY BELOVED	December 27, 1892 . .	142
WEDDING ANNIVERSARY SONG	April 4, 1894 . .	144
MY LOVE	December 6, 1894 . .	146
THY LOVE	December 6, 7, 1894 . .	149
MY HUSBAND	December 1, 1894 . .	150
A LETTER TO MY HUSBAND .	December 21, 1894 . .	156
A RETROSPECT	July 6, 1896 . .	160
THREE, OR FORTY-ONE? . .	May 17, 1896 . .	161
THE TWO CHIEF PETITIONS .	May 16, 1896, . .	162
A SNOW STORM AT NIGHT .	March 12, 1896 . .	163
MY MARY	July 5, 1896 . .	164

CONTENTS.

ix

	COMPOSED.	PAGE.
WHAT SHALL WE NAME OUR		
BABY?	April 21, 1895 . . .	165
MY SOUL AND I	November 20, 1883 .	167
THY WILL	June 16, 1892 . . .	169
SOLILOQUY IN TIME OF TROUBLE	Dec. 6, '94, Jan. 7, '95	169
A TALK WITH GOD	May 2, 1892 . . .	174
A THANK-OFFERING	June 6, 1892 . . .	180
"BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL"	June 7, 1892 . . .	183
UNWORTHY	June 11, 1892 . . .	188
GOD'S PURCHASE-RIGHT	June 12, 1892 . . .	189
FOR ME	June 11, 1892 . . .	192
CONSECRATION	June 16, '92, Nov. 20, '94	197
SUPPLICATION	December 13, 1883 .	210
INTERCESSION	March 21, 22, 1895 .	213
FAITH	May 14, 1884 . . .	217
HOLD MY HAND	May 13, 1892 . . .	218
"THOU ART WORTHY" — A		
TRIBUTE OF PRAISE	May 13, 1892 . . .	222

ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE.
✓ PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR	Frontispiece.
REV. W. L. ARMSTRONG, M. D.	60
REV. JOHN Z. ARMSTRONG, PH. D., LL. D.	63
MISS WILLIMINA L. ARMSTRONG	71
PROF. RACHEL L. BODLEY, M. D.	77
“MY LITTLE BOMBAY JEWESS” (MRS. ESTHER ISAAC MOSES)	88
“MY ESTHER” (MRS. E. I. MOSES)	91
MASTER VICTOR EARNEST MOSES	110
MASTER JAY GEE MILLER	113
ILAHİ BAKSH (MR. JOHN ANDERSON)	118
JOHN AND ESTHER (MR. AND MRS. ANDERSON)	119
“MY BELOVED” (G. F. H.)	122
MISS GRACE W. MOSES	123
MISS BURNETTA P. COIT MOSES	123
NETTIE AND VICTOR IN NATIVE INDIAN DRESS	129
“OUR PALACE” IN JABALPORE, HINDOOSTAN	135
REV. GEO. FRANKLIN HOPKINS, A. M.	154
JAY GEE MILLER. ✓	

DEDICATORY PRAYER.

O GOD, Almighty, hear my prayer,
And send Thy Spirit down
My pen to guide, my words to bless,
My labors all to crown.

Dictate the very words, O Lord,
That Thou wouldst have me write;
For I am weak and ignorant,
And know not what is right.

Suggest the thoughts and sentences,
As Thou wouldst have them said;
And through each clause and verse, dear Lord,
Thy Holy Spirit shed.

Upon each written page, O God,
E'en the whole volume through;
And on each published work of mine,
If many or if few,

*Pronounce Thy benediction, Lord ;
And may Thy light divine
Through every word, and clause, and verse,
Effulgent ever shine ;*

*A light resplendent from above,
Of purest heavenly ray ;
Dispelling error's gloomy night,
And driving doubt away ;*

*Inspiring hope, and faith, and love,
Patience and charity ;
With tender pity for the sad,
And spotless chastity ;*

*Imparting courage to the weak,
And strength unto the tried ;
Unto the sinful cleansing grace,
Till they are purified ;*

*To every weary, burdened heart,
Comfort and peace Divine.
Oh, may such light as this be shed
Through every word of mine !*

*I know that it were useless quite,
And all without avail ;
Whate'er I do in mine own strength,
Or wisdom, can but fail ;*

*For I am utter helplessness ;
In knowledge but a fool ;
The learning which I have acquired
Was taught in folly's school.*

*No holiness have I to boast ;
No virtue of mine own ;
My righteousness is filthy rags,
As Thy pure Word hath shown.*

*All wounds and bruises am I, Lord,
And putrefying sores,
From crown of head to sole of foot—
Thus bound to earth's drear shores.*

*But Thou the fountain art of health,
Of wisdom, love and might ;
The source of joy, and peace, and power,
Of purity and right.*

*Thou art the Author of all good,
Of every perfect thing—
From spheres on spheres, unnumbered yet,
To insect's painted wing.*

*Thou hast vouchsafed unto mankind
Thy knowledge, wisdom, power ;
Thy peace and grace, sufficient too,
For every day and hour.*

*O God Almighty, Father mine,
For Jesus' sake I pray,
Grant me Thy benediction now
On every word I say.*

*If spoken, or if written speech,
Oh, may each word be fraught
With deepest, highest, noblest aim ;
With Thy Divinest thought !*

*My utterance is weak and poor,
Unworthy of the name ;
But if Thou bless it, then, dear Lord,
It shall become a flame ;*

*A holy fire, consuming all
That is not pure and true;
But warming into life sublime,
And bringing into view*

*All lofty purpose, noble aim,
And faculty of soul,
Implanted in the human breast,
To sanctify the whole.*

FRUIT OF SUFFERING.

FRUIT of suffering—can it be
This the only fruit for me ?
God forbid, it is not so,
There is other fruit, I know ;
Other, better fruit. These leaves—
Grown among the harvest sheaves—
But conceal the golden grain,
Ripened in the sorrow-rain.
Grain which God will garner in
When he separates the sin
And the righteousness apart ;
When he tries and tests each heart.
By your words judged ye shall be,
Justified, condemned, saith He.
Lofty purpose, noble deed,
Are the fruit, and are the seed.
Seed :—the inner thought Divine ;
Fruit :—the noble deed of mine ;
Words :—however fair they be—
But the leaves upon the tree.

Seed God's holy Spirit sows,
By His might and power it grows ;
For He sends grief's soaking rain
On the Autumn-planted grain ;
Then He freezes up the sod
With His heavy chastening rod.
Deep and silent, sorrow's snow ;
Bleak and cold grief's winds do blow.
Anger's raging tempest high ;
Darkly lowering heaven's sky.
Fiercer passions, cold and still,
Freeze the soul, the marrow chill.
Envy's bitter, stinging sleet
Wraps the soul in winding sheet.
Seemeth that the seed is dead,
Resting in its final bed.
Satan's sharp-cut, piercing hail
Drives the crucifixion nail ;
Then the father of a lie
Roars in joyful thunder high ;
Flashes forth his lightning sneer
At his havoc far and near.
Long the Winter night, and drear,
Ere the harvest doth appear.
Fierce and desperate the fight,
'Gainst all sin and for the right.

When Spring's melting time draws near,
Sorrows soften ; April's tear—
From a fountain long too deep,
Long to anguish stricken to weep—
Freely through Spring's socket flows,
Melting far and near the snows.
Spring's delicious, balmy breath,
Freezing, weaves a shroud of death ;
Wrapping every twig and bough
In its glis'ning grave clothes now.
But God sends His genial rain,
Melting snow and ice again ;
Then once more the heart relents,
Driving sorrow's anguish hence.
Green hope's bursting buds appear,
Full of promise for the year.
In the sun's warm, glowing rays—
Interspersed with cloudy days—
Buds unfold into bright leaves,
Words which flow where spirit grieves ;
Chastened spirit, made to know
All the discipline of woe.
O'er the moist and fertile ground
Tiny spears of green are found,
Showing that God's harvest seed—
Fruit of which is noble deed—

Did not perish, as was thought,
In the deluge, or the drought ;
Did not die beneath the snow—
Through the bitterness of woe—
Was not nipped by grief's deep frost,
Ere the Autumn had been cross'd ;
Was not crushed by Satan's tread,
With earth's hopes all lying dead :—
Nay, but safely hid from view,
Waited for God's rain and dew.
Spring soon passes, Summer's come—
Myriad cares, like insects, hum.
Swarming duties claim the thought,
Hours with anxious cares are fraught ;
Burdens great and heavy grow,
While the Summer seed we sow.
Slander's scorching, fetid breath
Burns the leaves and flowers to death :
Shrivel they, and fall, and die,
Ere the Autumn draweth nigh.
Thickly stands the ripening grain,
Waving golden o'er the main.
Thus must stand till scythe Divine
Gather in this fruit of mine.
As the Autumn draweth near,
Bendeth low the golden ear :

Stripped of beauteous leaf and flower,
Tree and shrub, by Satan's power.
But God's harvest fruit and seed—
Interspersed with Satan's weed—
All abundant, waiteth still
For the sickle of God's will.
But, before the grain is mown,
Next year's seed is freely sown ;
Deeply planted, you will find,
In the heart and in the mind.
When his Angel-reapers come
From their bright, celestial home,
They will safely gather in—
Casting out the weed of sin—
Every good and perfect ear,
Product of life's fleeting year.
Seed which God's own hand doth sow
Never fails to bud and grow—
Never fails to ripen, too,
In His rain and in His dew.
When the harvest of the years—
After all the toil and tears—
Cometh unto you and me,
God's great purpose we shall see.
Leaves may fall, and flowers fade,
With the dead fond hopes be laid ;

Heavy loads may weigh us down,
All the world upon us frown—
Thus more surely we may know
God's good seed in us doth grow.
Fruits of choicest, rarest kind
Ripen thus, in heart and mind.
Let us, then, more patient be
Till we God's fruition see.
Pressing upward to the light,
Struggling ever for the right,
Through the darkness to the day,
Though by rough and toilsome way ;
Heeding not the world's deep scorn,
Looking toward God's promised morn ;
Fiery passions all subdued,
Evil habits now eschewed,
By the Holy Spirit's power,
Given for each day and hour.
Higher purpose, stronger will,
Firm resolve to conquer still :
Ever onward, never back,
In one straight and steadfast track,
Pressing upward to the goal
Of the high-born, princess soul.

NATURE'S VOICE.

THE Sabbath dawns o'er distant hill,
So clear, and bright and fair ;
While bird and bee with music fill
The clover-scented air.

Oh, restful, quiet, country home,
Far from the city's din,
To thee how gladly do I come,
So far from noise and sin.

No church bell's ring the breezes bring,
Meant for the rich alone.
No organ's note from temples float
Of deep or mellow tone.

But sweeter strain floats o'er the main,
From joyful "Whip-poor-will ;"
While other birds, in unknown words,
A thousand anthems trill.

From many throats the music floats,
O'er hill and dell it rings,
While from the ground comes up the sound,
The voice of growing things.

The busy bee sweet melody
Prolongs amid the flowers,
While insects sing, on brightest wing,
Throughout the Summer hours.

O'er yonder hill, beyond the mill,
Where sheep and cattle graze,
The herd-boy fair, with sun-burned hair,
Builds well for future days.

The daffodil, its cup to fill,
Looks up toward the sky ;
While violet blue, sweet flower true,
Bends low her modest eye.

The sweet wild rose profusely blows,
To rest the weary sight ;
While buttercup looks quaintly up,
'Neath bonnet golden bright.

Oh, tell me pray, without delay,
Ye birds, so light of wing,
And insects small, and bees, and all,
What is the song ye sing?

Oh, tell me true, I pray you do,
Ye flowers sweet and fair,
Ye all agree in harmony—
What is the word so rare?

Ye forest trees, thou sighing breeze,
Thou ocean, gray and old,
What is the word which I have heard?
I'm waiting to be told.

Thou planet far, thou shining star,
Thou fiercely raging blast,
Thou thunder crash, and lightning flash,
As ye go dashing past,

What do ye say? Thou king of day,
Ye golden rays of light,
Ye mountains grand, ye grains of sand,
Thou stately queen of night,

There is a sound in all around,
A music strangely sweet,
All nature wakes, no discord breaks
The harmony complete ;

Tell me the word which I have heard,
And I will listen well—
There is a name which all proclaim—
What is that name pray tell ?

O dew drops bright, O queenly night,
The secret now unfold ;
For here I stand, in stranger land
Their language to be told.

As thus I talked, and, musing walked
Along the ocean's strand,
I listened long to nature's song,
But could not understand.

No word came back the river's track,
Responsive to my song,
But still the same sweet music came,
So low and soft and long.

The wild birds sung, the trees among,
The Summer zephyrs fanned,
The billows beat, against my feet,
The yielding, golden sand.

Each foam-capped wave, from coral cave,
Its story to repeat,
Beat more and more upon the shore,
Until it reached my seat.

The sea-birds gray flew fast away,
The torrent wild came near ;
And, thunder bound, the mighty sound,
I could not help but hear.

Nature can teach her sacred speech
To those who listen well,
And so I heard the blessed word,
As from her lips it fell.

Yes, bird and bee, and plant and tree,
The same glad word proclaim—
I now can hear the whisper clear,
'Tis the Creator's Name.

NATURE'S LESSON.

O GOD, Thy face I cannot see,
Thy form I cannot touch,
Thy "still small voice" I cannot hear,
Although I listen much.

These mortal eyes are dull of sight,
These fingers are so numb;
To all Thy voices I am deaf,
To praise Thee, I am dumb.

Was it to quicken my dull sense,
Thy voice to make me hear,
That Thou didst send Thy providence
In thundering tones severe?

Had I but heard Thy whispered Word—
So soft, and low, and clear—
I ne'er had known Thy thunder tone,
Which now I know and fear.

The lesson's taught, but it was bought
By pain and bitter tear.
Alas, that I did not reply
To love instead of fear!

The birds in air, with plumage fair
And voice so clear and sweet,
Thy blessings share, Thy love declare,
The story all repeat.

While through the leaves and moss-grown eaves,
The swallow builds her nest,
The singing birds, in sweetest words,
Sing on—"God's love is blest."

The sighing breeze, amid the trees,
The hills, and woodland dells,
The clover nooks, and running brooks,
The same sweet story tells.

Though in its moan a minor tone
Comes through the scented air—
The only word that's ever heard,
Is of God's love and care.

The dancing rill, the sea to fill,
Leaps o'er its rocky bed ;
But in its flow, it whispers low—
So sages old have said.

The storm's dread might, the rainbow's light,
Proclaim the same glad word,
While thunder crash and lightning flash
To harmony are stirred.

The flowers sweet in meadows greet,
The wild beasts in the wood,
Star, stream and lake and ocean wake—
All whisper, "God is good."

Oh, that my song might now ascend,
In music soft and sweet,
With nature's melody to blend,
In harmony complete !

Jesus, attune my heart aright,
And teach my lips to praise ;
That I may sing both day and night,
And serve Thee all my days.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

“Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

HUNGRY, thirsty, naked—I,
Famine-stricken, soon must die;
But my fainting cry ascends
To God's throne: His son He sends,
Bringing with him full supply
From God's store-house in the sky.

Bread of life He freely gives,
And my soul forever lives.
Living water, too, He brings
From the everlasting springs.
Dress of spotless purity—
Christ's own righteousness for me.

Robe of finest texture white—
Clothes He me with changeless light.

Homeless—pillowed on His breast,
Bids my weary spirit rest,
Till my home prepared hath He,
Where the many mansions be.

Lonely, desolate and sad,
Jesus Christ doth make me glad.
Sentenced unto death—He dies
In my stead ; then to the skies
Rises Victor o'er the grave,
E'en from hell my soul to save.

Sin-polluted, washes me
In His blood of Calvary,
Makes for aye the crimson stain
As the wool, all white again ;
Though my sins as scarlet red—
In the blood which He did shed—

He doth make them white as snow,
For he plainly tells me so.
Sick, and weak, and tired, and faint,
Breathe I forth my dire complaint ;
Jesus hears my feeble cry,
Quickly leaves His throne on high.

Lo, He comes to comfort, cheer,
"Make my bed," and banish fear ;
Strength and courage to impart
To my weak and doubting heart.
Dare I touch His garment's hem ?
All my sickness would He stem ?

Fearing, doubting—Jesus knew
How the thought within me grew,
Waited not for touch of mine—
Healed me by His word Divine ;
Made me whole and gave me health,
Treasure, too, and heavenly wealth.

Treasure which can never fade,
In eternal heavens laid.
Safe which thief can never break,
That he might the treasure take.
Nor can moth corrupt, nor rust
Eat the heart of such a Trust.

Death can never touch : e'en fire
Can not burn—though leaping higher
Than flame ever leaped before,
Leaping e'en to Heaven's door.

Fed, and filled, and clothed, and blest,
With my head on Jesus' breast ;

Cheered, and comforted, and healed,
With my pardon signed and sealed ;
Peace He gives to conquer woe,
In its deep and tranquil flow,
Like the river's current—still,
All my heart with joy to fill.

Courage, wisdom, grace and power,
For each day and for each hour ;
Faith, which surely must prevail,
Since His promise ne'er can fail—
Faith, which nothing e'er can shake,
God hath given for Jesus' sake.

This, and more—far more He's done
Through the merits of His Son ;
More than human tongue can tell,
Aye, " He doeth all things well."
Every want he hath supplied,
For the sake of Him who died.

He, all through my toilesome way,
Gently leads me day by day ;
Ever holding close my hand.
When on Jordan's bank I stand,
He will guide me safely o'er
To the shining, glory shore.

A SABBATH EVENING PRAYER.

IT is the Sabbath day,
A time to rest and pray.
O God, I strive to raise
To Thee my song of praise ;
But even as I try,
The tears come to mine eye,
My lips refuse to speak—
I am so very weak.
Dear Lord, come Thou to me,
I cannot go to Thee.
Forgive me that I grieve
This holy Sabbath eve,
While Thou dost live above—
While Thou dost live and love.
Come quickly to my heart,
Strength, grace and might impart ;
Raise from the dust my head,
Thy light around me shed :
Help me to watch and pray,
And at Thy feet to stay

Until this long, dark night
Shall break in gladsome light ;
Until, at Thy right hand,
In blood-washed robe I stand.
Then shall I hear and know
Why, in this world below,
'Twas mine to suffer so.

“THE FIELDS—ARE WHITE—
TO HARVEST.”

I AM Oh, so sad and so weary,
And the night comes on apace,
While I sigh for the home eternal,
And the Father's loving face.

All the way has been rough and narrow,
And my feet have grown so sore,
That I long to press the golden strand
Of yon, shining, glory shore.

For I know I've a crown and mansion
Just beyond the swelling tide ;
And I fain would cross with the boatman,
Though the stream be dark and wide.

But no, for the Master is calling,
His order I must obey :—
“ The fields are all white unto harvest,
Go, gather it in, to-day.

"The fields are all white unto harvest,
Go, work while the day is bright ;
The night in the which no man worketh
Comes on—the harvest is white."

The harvest is plenteous truly,
And the laborers are few ;
I will go at my Master's bidding,
And toil till the day is through.

“NONE OF THESE THINGS MOVE ME.”

I HAVE given my all to Jesus,
And I've nothing now to do,
But to follow as he leads me ;
To be faithful, leal, and true.

Though the way be dark and dreary,
I shall feel He knoweth best,
So I'll cling the closer to Him,
Leaning on His loving breast.

Though the storm-clouds thickly gather
Over my defenceless head,
Though, upon my pathway lonely,
Not one ray of light be shed,

Save the threatening, glancing lightning,
Which one moment flashes out
Through the blackness of the heavens,
With the thunder's warning shout.

Yet, I'll stand amid the tempest,
With a calm and tranquil breast,
Though the sky be clothed with sackcloth,
And the earth in ashes dressed :

For I know, above the darkness,
That the sun is shining still,
And ere long a beauteous rainbow
Will the whole horizon fill.

A JUNE DAY IN INDIA.

I WAKE me up and, lo, the world is fair.
The yielding, velvet carpet she doth wear
On hill and plain, is all an emerald hue,
Bedecked with flowers, and moist with morning
dew.
Sweet perfume rare the atmosphere pervades ;
While, soft and low, the song of milking maids
And distant cow bells, all your senses stir.
A frightened hare bounds past, in coat of fur,
What loom could weave such stuff? So downy
sweet,
For King's court-dress e'en such were fitly meet.
An early bird, upon a gray old limb,
Chants forth to God his joyful morning hymn.
The bees are out, and buzzing to and fro,
From bloom to bloom, from bud to bud, they go;
Kissing each blushing petal warm, "Good day"—
Receive its gift, and bear it swift away ;
But never cease to sing and praise His name,
Whence both the blossom and the honey came.

High over head the lofty ceiling blue,
Of deepest, purest, truest, sapphire hue,
Is flecked with clouds, whose distant, fleecy crest
Appears like drifted snow, far in the West ;
While in the East, those mountains piled like
snow,

All pink, as heart of moaning sea-shells, glow ;
For there day's monarch sends his crimson ray,
Resplendent from the deep horizon gray ;
A warm and genial greeting thus is giv'n
To all the smiling earth and blushing heav'n.
Then, each in turn, give answer as they may,
To welcome in the glorious king of day.
As if through shyness, at earth's face so fair,
And heaven's blushes deep, and pink, and rare,
Behind a fleecy veil he hides his face ;
But reappears at earth's persuasive grace.
With stately splendor mounts he heaven's dome ;
While nature's bells ring out :—" The day has
come ! "

Buds ope their eyes and blossom into bloom,
While breathing forth a delicate perfume.
The gorgeous butterflies, with painted wings,
Seem like new blossoms in the air ;—strange
things

With power to come and go, and sip the dew,
And draw the honey from the flower, too ;
Whose every movement dazzles with the glow
Of swiftly changing color it doth show.
Small insects, too, in frocks of gold and blue,
Or green, of bright and ever changing hue,
With here and there a dash of ruby light,
To charm the sense, and captivate the sight,
Hum on, throughout the bright, long Summer
 days,
Their songs of gladness, and of joyful praise
To him who gave them life, and placed them
 where
Beauty, light, motion, joy they too might share.
A host of happy songsters flit about ;
They coax, and woo, and kiss, and put to rout
Each one his mate, in merry frolic gay,
In sportive chase, and blithesome, gleeful play.
They twitter, chirp, and shake their feathers
 bright,
For very glee, then soar far out of sight ;
While from their tiny, harp-like, quivering
 throats,
A lay so pure, and clear, and mellow floats,
Your inmost soul with ecstasy is thrilled,
Aye, heaven and earth with melody are filled.

It is a song of deep and grateful praise
To Him who gave the sun's warm, genial rays.
Soft breezes stir, and plant, and shrub, and tree,
Their rustling vestures shake in ecstasy.
The world is glad, the air is full of song ;
Through wood and dale gay, feathered creatures
 throng,
With plumage many-tinted, gorgeous, fair ;
They coo and chant and fill the balmy air
With hymns of praises, mellow, soft and sweet,
One great harmonious melody complete.

“THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE
GLORY OF GOD.”

THE stately Empress of the night
Ascends the sky, dispensing light,
Dispelling gloom.

With queenly dignity and grace
She keeps her course and holds her place
Without support.

Her face is calm, serene and fair.
With stately step she mounts heaven's stair—
At God's behest.

And lo ! she sits—a monarch crowned,
While myriad subjects gather round
In bright array,

With vestures 'broidered all in gold,
Of shining brightness—worth untold—
'Gainst sky of blue.

Thus gather they to show God's praise,
Acknowledge Him in all their ways,
E'en moon and star.

How thrills the soul at such a sight,
With worshipful and pure delight,
Aye, holy thought !

NO LIGHT AHEAD.

NO light ahead,
I cannot see the path, and yet I tread—
While God is near—
Still bravely on, without a thought of fear ;
Because I know God loves me so.

My feet are sore,
So rough the way, how can I travel more ?
Bent down with care,
Ten burdens great upon my heart I bear ;
Who placed them there, their weight doth share.

No ray of light
Comes down, to chase the darkness of my night.
No star is seen
To shine the darkly frowning clouds between ;
But then, I stand beneath God's hand.

O blessed shade !
I well may go, my heart on God's love staid.
He leads the way,
What matter though there be for me no day ?
With God so near, how can I fear ?

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

ART out on the angry billows,
And is the tempest raging high?
All dark, and shadowy, and dim,
Do spectres rise before thine eye?

List to thy Lord's most gracious cry—
"Fear not, my child, for it is I;
No danger dread while I am nigh;
Master of calm and storm am I."

Behold Him walking on the sea!
With purpose kind He comes to thee,
Thy Saviour and thy Friend to be:—
The Lord of might and majesty!

The sea is calm, the storm is o'er,
Thy craft so frail in sight of shore.
The waves at rest, all still and hoar,
Have ceased their tumult and their roar.

Far in the East, where dark clouds lay,
All scattered now, the sun's first ray
Gives promise of a brighter day ;
Thy boat safe anchored in the bay.

The night is past, the long, dark night,
Behold ! Behold ! A rainbow bright,
The sky is belted with its light.
Oh, glorious thing ! Oh, wondrous sight !

It doubles now, and spans the earth,
Like one great, shining, splendid girth.
Such sight the cost of storm is worth.
God's promise saves from deluge—dearth.

Oh, look again into the sea !
Its colors there reflected be,
As thine own image answering thee.
It speaketh thus to thee and me:—

“God is thy friend, His word Divine
Can calm that troubled heart of thine ;
If thou wilt have Him with thee dine—
He deigns to ask ! Oh, let Him shine

A rainbow light within thine heart,
Illuminating every part.
No more can pierce thee poisoned dart ;
And all old wounds shall cease to smart.

What answerest thou ? Wilt give Him place,
And seek the shining of His face,
His hand in all thy life to trace
Till finished quite thine earthly race ?

WHAT MATTERS IT?

IT matters not what we possess,
Just how we look it matters less ;
In future ages none will care
What you and I were wont to wear ;
E'en what the people of us say
It matters little either way.
It matters not if we are glad,
It matters not if we are sad ;
But what we *do* and what we *be*,
It matters *much* to you and me.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, it is the nearest tie,
Which bindeth hearts beneath the sky.
Thy mother may thy mother be,
And yet a *friend* ne'er prove to thee.

When Christ His chosen twelve addressed,
This sacred truth He well expressed :—
“ Servants I call you not,” said He,
“ But friends forevermore are ye,

For all things, whatsoever I
Have gained from out the Courts on high,
Have I made known to each of you.”
Best test of friendship, warm and true.

A mother may neglect her child,
Who on her bosom cooed and smiled,
Forgetful of her suckling be,
Unkind and cruel, even she.

A father may his son disown,
A son his father may dethrone;
A daughter scorn her mother's love,
Though true and pure as that above.

A sister may a traitor be,
And prove the direst enemy—
May speak in words which seem most fair,
While compassing your ruin there.

A brother may unfaithful prove,
And cast away his sister's love.
A husband, e'en a wife, I trow
May be untrue to every vow.

But if thy kindred also be
A true and honest friend to thee,
Then may'st thou give to love free rein,
And fear no after-throb of pain.

Else, mark thee well, and bear in mind,
A *friend* is truer and more kind
Than any kindred, howe'er near,
Who has not proved his friendship clear.

TO FATHER.

ON THE SIXTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

O SWEET, white dove, emblem of love,
I pray you bear with tender care,
To Father dear, his heart to cheer
A kiss so sweet as to be meet
My love to tell—so true, so well,
It may have power, one blissful hour,
To hold at bay, on his birthday,
All grief and care. May love so rare,
With sudden spell, forever quell
All pain and fear, and dry each tear ;
Until the well, from which they fell,
Shall overflow with joy below.

MY FATHER'S PICTURE.

TELL me not of ancient heroes,
Of their courage, dauntless, bold ;
Of their splendid deeds of valor
When war's torrent madly roll'd.

For I know a truer hero,
And a braver, stronger man ;
Though, perhaps, in bloody battle
Never fought he at the van.

But he dared to live so nobly,
Dared to be so pure, so true ;
Dared for righteousness to suffer,
Dared be numbered with the few.

Dared to scorn earth's "filthy-lucre,"
Dared to prize men for their worth ;
Dared to say—" 'Tis not your money
Makes you great, nor yet your birth ;

But 'tis what you *are* in spirit,
In your true, your inner life ;
And 'tis what you *do* to conquer
Sinful self, in world of strife."

Dared he treat with royal kindness
All the humble, working poor ;
Dared in faithfulness to censure
E'en the wealthy evil-doer.

Dared to aid his fallen brother,
Dared to "Lend a helping hand ;"
Dared to sacrifice for others,
Dared for truth and justice stand.

Even such is Father's picture,
Past his "three-score years and ten ;"
Tall and regal in his bearing,
Born a leader among men.

All his life has been a struggle
'Gainst the wrong of every kind ;
Sorrow hath subdued his spirit,
Chastened, mellowed and refined.



REV. WM. L. ARMSTRONG, M. D.

Handsome in his youthful vigor—
Now most beautiful he seems,
Silken locks of silvery whiteness,
Eyes from which all kindness beams.

Lofty, blue-veined, marble forehead,
Teeth as pearly as in youth,
Long white beard and mustache waving,
Looks a Patriarch in truth.

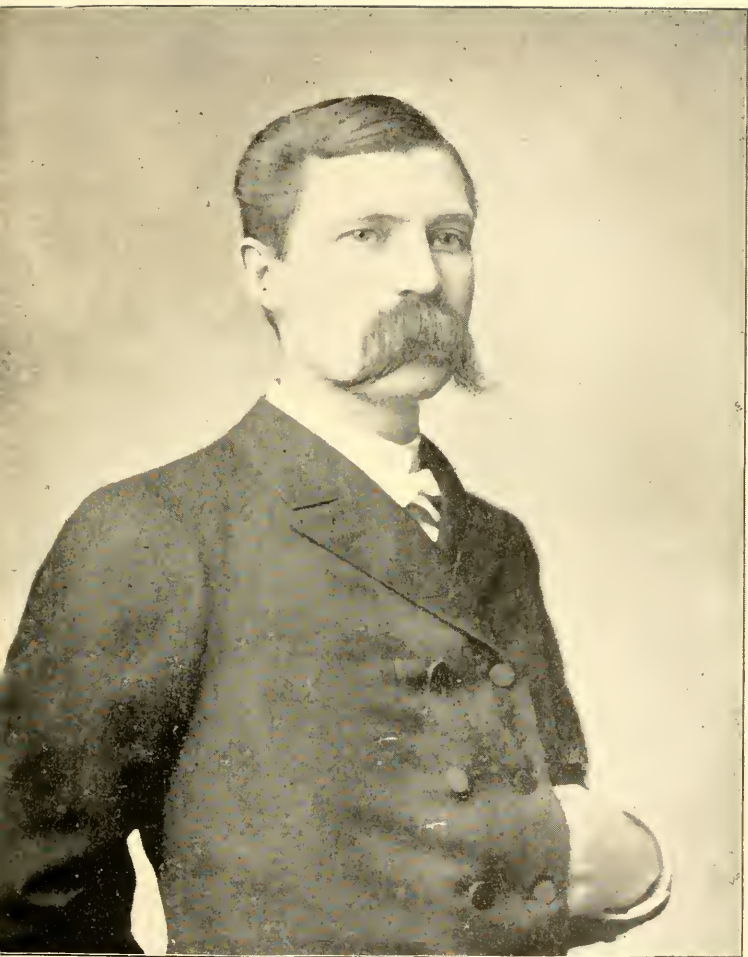
ALONE WITH MEMORY.

BACKWARD through vistas of years long
gone by,
Borne on swift pinions of memory I fly,
Seeking the scenes of my childhood once more,
Searching for friends and for loved ones of yore.

Mother, the dearest, now sainted and blest,
Comes from the regions of glory and rest—
Comes like a vision of heaven to-night,
Filling my spirit with joy and delight.

Charmes away fever from hot, restless brain,
Soothes in my bosom the throbbings of pain,
Till I forget all the years of unrest,
Pillowed my head on her warm loving breast.

Backward, again through the vista of years,
Passing o'er thraldoms of sorrow and tears.



REV. JOHN Z. ARMSTRONG, PH. D., LL. D.

—

$$N_{\text{eff}}^{\text{dec}} \approx 10.75 - \frac{3}{4} \ln \left(\frac{g_{\text{dec}}}{g_{\text{dec}}^{\text{std}}} \right)$$

— Paul Jones

Living once more all my childhood's bright days,
Wand'ring with loved ones through youth's happy
ways :

Brother, dear brother, companion and friend,
Sister from evil he fain would defend ;
Manly and faithful, so true and so strong,
Battling for equity, standing 'gainst wrong.

Handsome and noble and perfect he seemed,
Ideal hero my brother I deemed ;
Pleasure was irksome which John could not share,
Sorrow and conflict with him I could bear.

Whate'er we cherished we loved to divide,
Each to the other our hopes did confide ;
Perfect our friendship, and strong and sincere,
Loving each other most tenderly, dear—

Loved him ! and did I say “loved” as of yore ?
Loving, I love him, and love evermore.
When through the mansions of glory we roam,
Children again in our Father's own home,

Glad we'll renew all the friendship of youth,
Seeing each other in light of God's truth ;
Never thereafter to separate more,
Walking together on bright, crystal shore.

Backward with mem'ry so true and so fleet,
Other dear friends of my childhood to greet—
Brothers and sisters and loved ones of old,
Faithful and steadfast and gentle and bold.

Jennie, dear sister, an angel of light,
Whispers of mother and heaven to-night ;
Just as young womanhood budded to bloom,
Flitted her spirit—fair form in the tomb.

Charlie, the younger of brothers so dear,
Bringeth a message of breezy, good cheer ;
Happy and joyful and spicy was he,
Full of quaint sayings as mortal can be.

Ever an air of contentment and mirth
Lent he to all 'round our family hearth ;
Tender and kind and forbearing was he,
Blessings upon him wherever he be !

A SISTER'S LOVE.

TO MISS WILLIMINA L. ARMSTRONG.

THOU art dear to me, my Sister,
Heaven's answer to my prayer ;
I have loved thee as a widow
Loves the only child she bear

Unto him who wooed and won her
In the spring-time of her life,
Ere she felt a pang of sorrow—
Ere she knew the throes of strife.

In thine infant days I loved thee
Better than I loved my soul ;
And when aught of pain came to thee,
How I prayed to bear the whole.

In thy childhood days I loved thee,
And thy gladness made me glad ;
But my soul was rent with anguish
When thy tender heart grew sad.

In thy maidenhood I loved thee,
And I felt a sister's pride
As I watched thee grow in beauty—
All thy graces multiplied.

In thy womanhood I love thee,
With a great and tender love,
Such as mothers feel for children—
Such as thrills the host above.

I have loved, and I do love thee,
All thy joys and woes are mine ;
I had craved to bear thy burdens,
That but joy and peace be thine ;

But He willed it not, the Father
To each soul its cross He gave,
Knowing that the pain thus suffered
Needs must make it strong and brave.

Thou art fair to me, my Sister,
Sculptured face and graceful mien,
Sweet and beautiful and gracious,
Dainty woman, fairy queen.

To mine ear thy voice is music,
All thy words melodious flow ;
E'en as streams reveal their fountains,
They thy heart's deep culture show.

In the furnace thou wast with me,
On that strange, that foreign shore ;
Thou didst share my pain and sorrow,
Sense the burden which I bore.

Sweet the hands whose touch of magic
Did so soothe my aching brow,
As above me, fever-stricken,
Thou wast wont betimes to bow.

Dear, wee hands, so deft and tireless ;
How they rested wasting form,
As through hours of pain and anguish
Oft I felt their pressure warm.

Hours long, so long and weary—
Days and weeks and months so long ;
But for tender care and watching,
I had joined the heavenly throng.

MY SISTER WILLA.

SHE'S young ! No tongue
Her praise hath sung !
The theme 'twould seem,
E'en so I deem,

Too high ! 'Twould try
An artist's eye
And hand, to stand,
With genius fann'd

To flame—and name
This fairy dame.
Her ways to praise
In measured lays,

Her face of grace
On canvas trace.
With skill to fill
Each beauty still.



WILLIMINA L. ARMSTRONG.

She's fair and square,
No matter where
She deals. She steals,
When so she feels,

A kiss : to miss
So sweet a bliss
She'd deem a sin,
Or, not to win.

TO WILLA.

YOUR eyes with sky
Of Summer vie,
So blue ; so true
Your heart and you.

Your cheek so sweet,
For kisses meet.
Your hair you wear
All smooth and fair.

Your teeth a wreath
Of snowy heath,
So white and bright
They look to-night,

'Twixt lips which sip
Where honies drip ;
Thus fed, they shed
A rosy red.

Your hand a wand
O'er all the land
Extends, nor bends,
But kindness sends.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

TO PROFESSOR BODLEY, DEAN OF THE WOMAN'S
MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FAIN would I send to thee, dear Friend,
Some token of my love—
Some emblem bright as truth's pure light,
Sent from the world above.

Fain would I bring on joyous wing,
A present, rich and rare—
A diadem, or precious gem,
For thy soft, silver hair.

If e'er I could, how gladly would
I bring a gift to thee !
Of worth untold, a crown of gold
Endless as LOVE must be.



PROF. RACHEL L. BODLEY, M. D.,
LATE DEAN OF THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A garland bright I'd weave to-night,
With utmost care and skill ;
A golden wand place in thy hand,
Thy cup of bliss to fill.

A laurel wreath, with spotless heath
All woven in between,
I'd deck thy brow, so tranquil now,
My loved and honored Dean.

As one of old, who had not gold,
Did in the ancient time,
I'll bring to-day, if but I may,
Such as I have—in rhyme.

Love's joyous song—glad, clear and strong,
A full heart's overflow ;
This gift I bear, with trembling care,
And breathe in accents low.

A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

TO MISS A—, WHOSE BETROTHED HUSBAND PERISHED
WHILE ENDEAVORING TO RESCUE AN HINDOO-
STANI LAD FROM DROWNING.

O WOUNDED heart !
O spirit sore depressed !
Fain would I try
To bring thee comfort, rest.

The storm is on !
The fiercely raging blast
Hath wrecked thy hopes ;
And deep, dark shadow cast

O'er all thy path.
Into thy future dim
No ray of light
Is shed ; because, on him

Who held thine heart,
Thy dearest hopes were cast ;
And since, alas !
Thy Love, from earth, hath pass'd

To realms above—
For Angels bore him hence,
At God's command—
No light, as yet, from thence

Hath reached thy soul.
All seemeth dark and drear.
Thine heart is sad ;
And full of strange, new fear.

Thou canst but stand
Alone, with tear-dimmed eye,
And mourn and pray,
And ask the reason why

It must be so :
Then quick repent, and cry,
With breaking heart,
“ Thy will be done.” And sigh

Again, and moan :—

“Alas, I cannot bear
This gnawing pain ;
Aching, my heart-strings tear !”

Thy plans were made,
Thy future seemed all fair ;
With him so loved
Thy joys and woes to share.

There shadowed forth
No warning sign of harm,
Or sorrow near.
No thought of grim alarm

Disturbed thy peace.
Nothing affrighted thee ;
With friend so dear,
How could you fearful be ?

Your hearts close knit
In dearest, nearest tie ;
You pledged your lives
To Him who reigns on high,

An offering meet ;
 And He accepted it :
But left you here,
 Although He judged it fit

To take away,
 To everlasting bliss,
The dear, twin soul
 You now so sorely miss.

He cannot err :
 His ways are always right.
He leadeth thee,
 Through dark and weary night,

Unto the day.
 Oh, doubt it not ! nor fear
To walk alone
 With Him. He'll dry thy tear.

O stricken soul !
 Bowed down with heavy grief,
Look unto Him,
 Who surely gives relief

To all who bow,
With sorrow-laden breast,
Seeking His joy,
His comfort, and His rest.

Look unto Him ;
He waits to comfort thee.
His providence
Behold, His purpose see.

Your life was His,
A voluntary gift,
Accepted it :
But then, He needs must sift

The gold thereof,
And try, in furnace heat,
Seven times, perhaps,
Made hot ; till it prove meet

For His great use :
Quite pure from all earth-stain,
And dross. When thus,
He will most surely deign

To use thy life
For great and mighty ends.
Yes, 'tis for this :
Thus oft God condescends,

Against our will,
To fit us for great things :
Unto Himself
To make us "Priests and Kings."

Thy work is here ;
While thy loved one must share
His Master's throne,
A diadem to wear.

O Friend of mine,
Think not thy Love is dead !
He dwells with God,
Where light and joy are shed.

He cannot die,
The part which thou dost love
Immortal is.
He lives to-day, above,

A better life,
All radiant and bless'd.
He lives and loves,
In crown and white robe dress'd.

Aye, loves thee well.
Mayhap, he marks thy tears;
Is sent, perchance,
To quell thy rising fears.

God knoweth best,
And "doeth all things well."
Oh, rest, dear heart,
While angel-anthems swell,

Sublime, complete,
For joy that he is home
At last, and safe,
No more e'en thence to roam.



“MY LITTLE BOMBAY JEWESS,”
(MRS. ESTHER ISAAC MOSES)
IN HER NATIVE BOMBAY JEWESS COSTUME.

MY LITTLE BOMBAY JEWESS.

SHE'S scarcely five feet two,
This dainty little Jew,
And she's a Christian, too.

In form she's round and sweet ;
Her tiny hands and feet
With fairy's would compete.

Her hair, as black as night,
So long and thick, the sight
Would any heart delight.

Untied the silken tape,
Now hangs a great black cape,
Concealing quite her shape ;

Now bound all smoothe and tight,
'Tis a most pleasing sight,
A coronet so bright.

As sweet and proud a queen,
As ever could be seen
On land or sea, I ween.

I love my Esther, too ;
She's faithful, good and true
As angels ever knew.

MY ESTHER.

WHEN dire disaster threatened me,
As all the world could plainly see—
As all my friends (?) had “Long forseen” (?)—
Such prophet power is rare, I ween.
When shattered health and money loss
Came to me as a heavy cross;
When friends, who had my bounty shared,
Forsook me all, nor even cared
To know if I were ill, or well,
Or what of pain to me befell ;
Who true, steadfast and faithful proved,
A friend by stern mischance unmoved ?
My Esther.



“MY ESTHER” (MRS. E. I. MOSES.)

You wonder why I love her so ?
When Typhoid Fever laid me low,
For four long months on Jordan's shore
I waited for the boatman's oar ;
Each hour it seemed that he must come
To bear my spirit to its home.
Who labored o'er me night and day ?
Who knelt beside my couch to pray ?
Whose loving hands my temples press'd ?
Who soothed my fevered brain to rest ?
Who never knew unbroken sleep ?
Who turned her face away to weep ?
My Esther.

As slowly back to life I came,
Her tender care was e'er the same ;
An anxious mother ne'er could be
More vigilant than she to me.
A stranger in a foreign land,
One faithful friend, one helping hand !
Whate'er without her could I do,
A friend so constant, loyal, true ?
Who did my every anguish share ?
Who kept my soul from dire despair ?
Who sacrificed her all for me ?
Who scorned to take wage, gift or fee ?
My Esther.

When gaunt and grim, our threshold o'er,
The hungry wolf did track our floor ;
When at our hearthstone, cold and bare,
Starvation sat with dumb despair ;
Who stood with firm, relentless grace
To meet such monsters face to face ?
So quietly, and all unknown,
Who took from treasures, all her own,
From jewels rare and heirlooms old,
All set in pure and strange-wrought gold,
E'en all her wedding gifts away,
Who gave for bread that dreadful day ?
My Esther.

When crippled, lame and helpless all,
From railway accident and fall,
Who acted as my crutch, my stay,
For two long years, through every day ?
E'en twice again by fell disease
Collapsed, my head upon her knees—
'Twas even Cholera's deadly scourge,
Which bore me to grave's gaping verge—
Who then above me bended low
With prayers and tears and face of woe ?
Who struggled for my life, my breath ?
Who stood between my soul and death ?
My Esther.

Yea, Prince and Peer of wealth untold
Then offered her great wage of gold,
To be the chief of nurses all
Within their stately palace hall.
What answered she? with tender tear,
“I cannot leave my Doctor dear.”
Do love her? aye, I love her well,
Far deeper than my words can tell;
I prize each jetty, silken tress,
No language can my love express.
Aye, friendship proven thus is best!
Her name is graven in my breast.
My Esther.

“IN HIS NAME” AND “FOR HIS SAKE.”

(While in the city of Bombay, India, the Author adopted seven children, all of whom were under three years of age when taken, and five of them were less than six months old. Of the latter number four died from a very malignant form of measles, which was prevailing in the city at the time. The following verses were written in memory of these four dead, adopted babes.)

IN the dim and quiet chamber
Of our Castle, in Bombay,
One by one my four sweet babies
In their last, long slumber lay.

There was Esther, tiny Esther,
Who had never seen the morn
Had her mother's murderous purpose
Been achieved when she was born.

But they wrested from her bosom
Quick the child whose life was doomed,
And they brought her to the Castle—
Knowing, I her care assumed.

Wealthy Parsee, Esther's father,
With a wife and children true ;
But our little foundling's mother
Was his servant, faithful, too.

Goanese, this servant mother,
Tall and dark and handsome she,
But with sullen, angry bearing,
Such as one would fear to see.

Swarthy, shrivelled, Parsee baby ;
Fruit of human sin and lust ;
Wee black eyes and hair as dusky,
What a mite of mortal dust !

But we rubbed away the wrinkles
From her limbs, so thin and bare ;
And we gave to little Esther
All a mother's tender care.

Lacked she not for warm embraces,
Nor for kisses on her cheek ;
Nor for any tender token,
Which a mother's love might speak.

Lacked she not a creature comfort
In the nurs'ry large and bright ;
Anxiously we tended o'er her
Every hour, by day, by night.

Every need, before she felt it,
Was supplied with gentle care,
For I thought—unto the Master
I will glad this burden bear.

Then I learned to love my baby
For her own, dear, little sake ;
And when Jesus took her from me
Oh, how sore my heart did ache !

Scarcely six months had been numbered
Since they brought her to the door
Of our great Khetwadi Castle,
On fair India's coral shore.

Scarcely six months since I took her—
Naked infant, ten days old—
When the pale horse to our castle
Came with rider, swift and bold.

Vain we strove his course to hinder,
Entered he our nurs'ry bright,
Bore away our baby Esther
Through the darkness of the night.

Bore away to realms of glory
Other infant foundlings, too,
Each of whom I'd watched and tended
With affection warm and true—

Watched and tended for the Master,
"In His Name" and "For His Sake ;"
Trusting that the service rendered
Even thus, my Lord would take.

There was Truman, dear, sweet Truman,
(Parents both from E'rin's shore)
Fair and fragile as a lily,
All his pains he patient bore.

Left alone, his widowed mother,
With ten other children dear,
She must needs give up her baby
That she might another's rear.

Thus our little Truman's mother
Kept starvation from her brood,
While some wealthy lady's infant
Thrived upon her baby's food.

Who can know the bitter anguish
That did rend her mother-heart,
When she signed the legal papers
Which must sever them apart?

What suppressed and smothered sorrow
Trembled in her tender breast,
When a stranger's infant suckled
Where her own was wont to rest !

Who can know the pain, the torture,
Who can count the tears she shed,
When the bitter tidings reached her
That her darling babe was dead ?

God alone such grief can measure,
He alone her tears can count ;
May He send such peace and comfort,
As can flow but from His fount !

Pass we on to Myrtle's cradle :—
European-turk was she,
With a mixture of Eurasian—
Hence the olive cheek you see.

Ask me not about her parents,
So unworthy of the name,
Not a word could say of either
But would cause a blush of shame.

Never came a sweeter baby
Into this great world of woe ;
Clinging arms, and nestling figure—
Oh, I loved her, loved her so !

Great brown eyes so full of meaning,
Eloquent with love they seemed ;
When she saw me toward her moving
How her face with rapture beamed !

Soft brown curls which clung and clustered
O'er her olive neck and brow ;
Dimpled chin and cheek and shoulder,
All forever quiet now.

Mellow cooing, rippling laughter,
We may never hear them more ;
For the Lord Himself hath called her
To His bright, celestial shore.

Did He know her clinging nature,
Beauteous face and graceful mien,
Would involve her in more danger
Than we e'er could have foreseen ?

Did he take her from the trouble
And the sorrow of this life,
E'en to save her from its perils,
From its dangers, and its strife ?

We will trust it all to Jesus,
Feeling sure He knoweth best ;
And we'll question not His dealing,
But in His great love we'll rest.

Next we come to little Aaron,
Whom his widowed mother sold—
Sold away her new-born baby
For a tiny bit of gold.

Less than seven paltry dollars—
Price for human infant paid ;
E'en upon our Castle threshold
Such a deal as this was made.

But the people who had bought him
Soon grew weary of his care,
And begrudged the small allowance
Daily spenden for his fare.

Then they brought him to the Castle—
Starving, dying of neglect ;
There was no one else to save him,
How could I the child reject ?

"In His Name " I paid the money,
Rupees fifty—all they sought—
Just three times what he had cost them,
But I reckoned gold as naught—

Naught, when measured in the balance
'Gainst a human being's life !
And our babe had well-nigh perished
At the hands of this man's wife.

Long 'twould take to tell the story,
How we nursed him day and night—
Oiling, bathing, rubbing, feeding,
Aye, it was a desp'rate fight

To restore the little body,
Wasted till no flesh was there.
Milk we gave him through a dropper,
Thrice each hour, with greatest care.

So unlike a human infant,
Wasted, wrinkled, wan was he ;
But for many months, untiring,
He was nursed most tenderly.

Then an angel from the Father
Came one hot and sultry night,
Bore away our baby Aaron
To the realms of endless light.

Then I sat alone in sorrow,
Disappointed, sore bereft ;
Those wee forms all sweetly mantled
For the tomb, by fingers deft.

Then I questioned—"Why this sorrow,
Why this grief and why this pain?
Did I take these foundling children
That *I* might some bliss obtain?"

Nay, but then, I'd learned to love them,
And the sacrifice was sweet;
And somehow, I hoped to make them
For the Master's service meet.

"All my labor has been wasted!"
Thus, in bitterness, I thought;
"All the wealth of love I lavished,
All my hours, spent for naught!"

Pond'ring still in prayerful sorrow,
To my heart contentment came;
For I knew that I had done it
"For His Sake" and "In His Name."

OUR INDIAN FAMILY.

IN that great, old, heathen city,
Called "The Oriental Gate,"
Dwelt I in Khetwadi Castle,
There to suffer, serve or wait.

Journeyed thither at God's bidding,
Knowing I had heard His call ;
List'ning ever to His orders,
And obeying,—that was all.

Soon there came a dark-eyed stranger,
Seeking service at my hand,
To interpret to the natives
Words they could not understand.

In that city of the nations
Well nigh two-score tongues they speak,
And to serve these divers peoples
I a linguist's tongue did seek.

Such was she, the dark-eyed stranger,
Waiting at our Castle door ;
“ Gift of tongues ” was hers, and freely
Spake she fully half a score.

Mrs. Esther Isaac Moses
Looked a child in widow's weeds,
But I could not know her value,
Nor how suited to my needs.

Saw before me but a woman,
Young and beautiful in truth ;
Bombay Jewess, with five children,
Left a widow in her youth.

Knew not that in troubled future
She would prove a steadfast friend,
Daughter, comfort, true companion—
Every tie in one to blend.

Knew not how this youthful widow,
In the fast oncoming years,
Would, with deft and tender fingers,
Wipe away my gath'ring tears.

Knew not that the Lord had sent her
'Gainst the dark and evil hours,
Lest my soul, assailed by demons,
Be o'ercome by hellish powers.

Long 'twould take to tell the story,
How unto my soul she grew,
Like a bruised twig, engrafted,
Doth again its life renew.

So I call her mine own daughter,
She the head, the queen, must be
Of my dear adoped children,
Of my "Indian Family :—"

Babes who, in Christ's name, were rescued
From the tomb's wide-open gate ;
Or from sin's polluting thraldom,
Shad'wing forth a darker fate.

Seven such dear little foundlings
Cooed and prattled in our home,
Scattering sunshine from the dawning
Till the evening shades had come.



MASTER VICTOR EARNEST MOSES.

Then our great and honored Bishop
Fowler, from the home-land came,
Christened solemnly the seven,
As to each we gave a name.

There was Victor Earnest Moses,
Esther's dear and only son ;
He, of all my foster children,
Was the first and eldest one.

Little form erect and regal,
Proudly poised his shapely head ;
With a dignified demeanor—
“ Every inch a prince,” they said.

Little brown-eyed Angie Newman,
Named for one I hold most dear,
Beautiful as any picture,
Great round eyes so bright and clear,

Dimpled form, and curling tresses
Kissing olive neck and cheek ;
Rippling laugh, and lisping prattle,
When her tongue essayed to speak.

Dear, wee girlie, coy and timid,
Shrinking as a "Touch-me-not."
How her fallen, drunken mother
All her womanhood forgot!

Aye, she came with false pretensions,
Stole our precious child away
From our warm and sheltered hearthstone;
None her fell design could stay:

Bartered her to highest bidder,
That she might small profit gain;
Knew not, cared not, what befell her—
Soul be lost or body slain.

Better far were it for Angie,
Had she joined the heavenly throng
E'er the world's polluting signet
Sealed her spotless soul with wrong.

Jay Gee Miller, darling baby,
Worse than orphaned at his birth;
What a world of gladsome sunshine
Brought he to our Castle hearth:



MASTER JAY GEE MILLER.

Strong and active, full of spirit,
E'en his faults indulgence find ;
Yet with tender, loving nature,
And a leader's stalwart mind.

Loved, admired by all who know him,
Grown a tall and handsome child ;
Striking contrast to our Victor,
Who is manly, thoughtful, mild.

These are all that now are left me
Of my seven children dear ;
Four have gone to be with Jesus,
Angie mourned with bitter tear.

Years all weighted down with sorrow
Passed us by with stealthy tread,
Like a phantom ship uprising,
Or a spectre from the dead.

Then we left Ketwadi Castle,
Journeyed to the northland far,
Pass'd old Agra, Delhi, cities
Famous in the Sepoy war.

From the great Himalaya Mountains
Came a traveler to our door,
Seeking rest of soul, he'd wandered
All that heathen country o'er ;

Finding none he tarried with us,
Faithful proved for many a day ;
Ne'er forgetful of his purpose,
Longing for the better way.

Young and handsome was our hero,
With a mind on truth intent ;
Searching out the true religion,
Every faculty was bent.

Ilahi Baksh had served Mohammed—
Worshipped him as prophet true,
Till he found our blessed Saviour,
And His love and pardon knew.

Then he sought the Lord's anointed,
And baptismal vows he took ;
Thus for aye his cast and people—
Yea, all heathen paths forsook.



ILAHİ BAKSH (MR. JOHN ANDERSON.)
In his Native Mohomedan Costume, with "Sattar," an Indian Musical Instrument



"JOHN AND ESTHER" (MR. AND MRS. ANDERSON.)
In Native Christian Dress.

Christian name they needs must give him,
That his caste-folk ne'er could say :—
“ He will turn again to worship
In our Mosque some future day.”

Plain “ John Anderson,” they called him,
As he bowed at chancel rail,
With a look of solemn reverence,
And with cheek unwonted pale.

Weeks and months and years passed o'er us,
Still our hero faithful proved ;
By the threat'nings and allurements
Of his people, all unmoved.

Then he wooed and won my Esther,
Each to each their love they vowed ;
Consecrated to the Master—
Glad I blessed them where they bowed.

Strange ! mine own Beloved wed them,
Ere I knew him as a friend ;
Joined them in most holy union,
Each with other's life to blend.

As a mother gives a daughter,
So I stood by Esther's side,
When she waited at the altar—
Fair and sweet, a happy bride.

Then I gave to John my blessing,
Took his hand and called him "Son ;"
"Never more a servant," said I,
"Since my Esther thou hast won."

Passed the Autumn, and the Winter ;
Spring still found us glad of heart—
We had vowed each to the other,
Never more on earth to part.

Came another day of gladness
To our home in Sindhi land,
When mine own, my best beloved,
Came to claim my heart and hand.





MISS GRACE WINCHESTER MOSES.
In Native Christian Dress.

Then my Esther, many Summers
Parted from her children dear,
Longed to press them to her bosom—
Longed to have them ever near;

So she called them from the mission,
From their school life in Bombay—
Brought them to our home and comfort,
Where they fain would ever stay.

Grace is Esther's elder daughter,
Gentle maiden, studious, wise ;
With her mother's long, black tresses,
And the same dark, thoughtful eyes.

Graceful she in every motion,
Womanly in quiet mien ;
Shy, reserved and low-voiced, always ;
Beautiful of face, I ween.

Nettie is the younger daughter,
Bright and gay as bird in air ;
Kind, unselfish, merry-hearted,
Every joy she seeks to share.

Keen her sense of right and justice,
Strong and brave a wrong to tell ;
Quickly angered, quick forgiving,
All who know her love her well.

Other two, my Esther's children,
Quitted long ago earth's strand ;
Left their widowed mother's bosom,
Joined the bright, celestial band,

John and Esther, Grace and Nettie,
Victor boy, and small Jay Gee ;
These are all that now are left us
Of " Our Indian Family."

With these loved ones then we journeyed
Westward to our native shore ;
Through strange countries, o'er great ocean,
Giant billows ! ceaseless roar !

Here we toil with one great purpose,
Helping these, dear ones prepare
To return to heathen darkness,
Gospel message to declare.



MISS BURNETTA P. COIT MOSES.
In Native Christian Dress.



NETTIE AND VICTOR.
In Native Indian Costume.

“OUR PALACE.”

IN JABALPORE NATIVE CITY, INDIA.

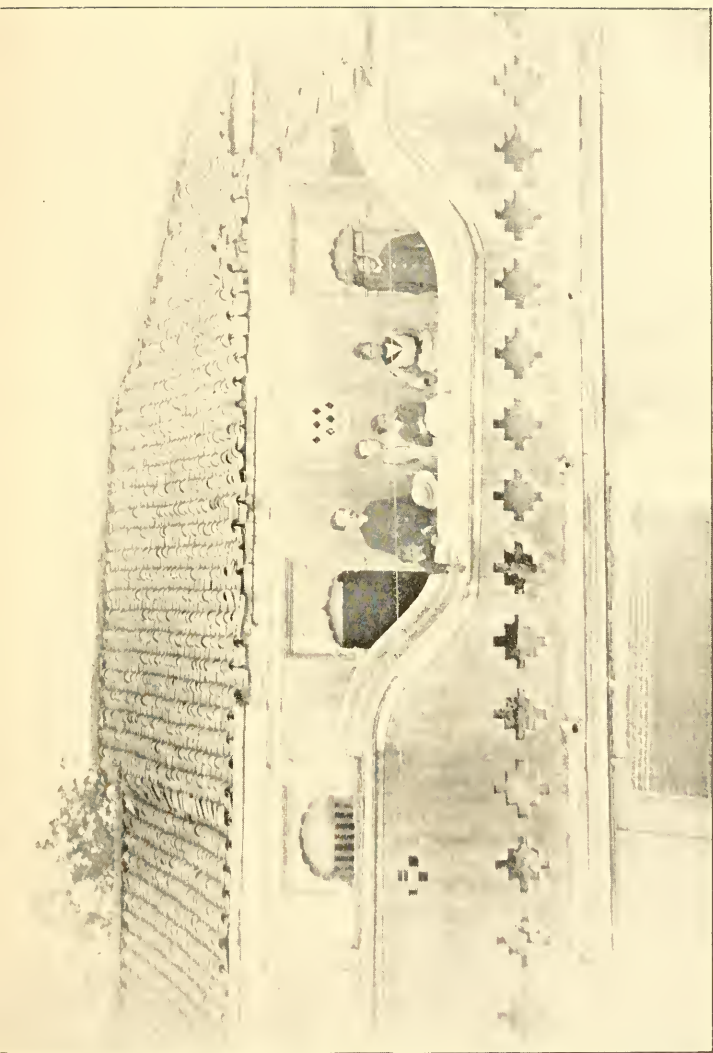
YES, here we dwell, in Indian town
Of monstrous age, and great renown ;
Whose tragedies, if they were told,
The world itself would scarcely hold.
Our Palace is a quaint old place—
A palace scarce in it you'd trace.
Its walls of brick, now brown and old
With city smoke and Monsoon mould,
Were painted once an orange hue,
Bedecked with lines of brightest blue.
For such is native taste you know,
And Indian fashion has it so.
A Purdah house—no window here,
Through which God's sunlight may appear.
The sleeping infant ne'er can feel
A mellow radiance round it steal,
As, through the lattice work at night,
God sends His messenger of light,
A holy watch betimes to keep
O'er all His little ones who sleep.

Nor can you trace upon the floor
The shadowed pictures o'er and o'er,
As through your vine-clad window pane
The soft, pale light steals in again,
To captivate your sense, and win
The busy mind from thought of sin.
No vine is here, no oak nor pine,
Through which God's moonlight soft may shine.
The dusty road before us lies,
From which discordant sounds arise.
The burdened beasts and helpless throng,
With step incessant, march along—
Jangling, wailing, fighting, screaming—
Scarce a moment intervening ;
Full of hatred, envy, malice ;
Thus they loiter by our palace.
All day, all night with hideous sounds
This narrow, dusty street resounds.
Enter with me our palace door—
You'll need to stoop the threshold o'er,
If more than five feet tall you be,
So low and small it is you see.
Those holes, punched through, admit the light
When noonday's sun is shining bright ;
Else all within were dark and drear,
You scarce could find your passage here.

Beware ! don't miss your step, I pray,
 It is a narrow, broken way.
 Here, take my hand, I'll guide you right
 Into "Our Palace" of delight.
 We've scaled the stairs without a fall,
 And here we're in our palace hall.
 Just twelve by twelve it measures quite,
 And seven feet space in loftiest height.
 The ceiling low your hand could reach ;
 The floor is *Kachha*, native speech.
 Six other rooms of equal size
 Our strange, old, palace does comprise.
 The walls a yellow red appear,
 With many a scratch, and many a smear ;
 And blackened places here and there,
 Betokening an illness rare,
 When light from wick and grease was given,
 To guide the trembling soul to Heaven—
 If ever such a place there be
 In thought of Hindoo or Parsee.
 Oh ! weird the thoughts that must arise,
 As those smutched places meet the eyes—
 Of births and deaths, and illness grave,
 With none to succor, none to save.
 No one to breathe a simple prayer,
 Commending all to Jesus' care,

Pointing the weary soul above—
No tongue to tell of pardoning love.
A suffering creature on the ground,
While noisy people throng around,
With laugh and jeer and cry and fight,
Filling the hours of dreary night.
The sick one, now, in throes of pain,
Longs for the morning light again ;
But when it comes she sighs the more,
To see the darkness gather o'er.
Oh ! who can guess the suffering seen
These grave, old palace walls between ?
If they could speak, methinks they'd tell
Of anguish equalled but in Hell.
But I have told you all I know—
The same old history of woe,
Which must be found in purdah home,
If hovel, or if palace dome.

I love the dear old place to-day,
Just why I scarcely dare to say.
It is not fair, it is not grand,
In rural district does not stand.
A happy secret I could tell,
If I were sure you'd keep it well :
Nor e'er betray to friend or foe
The facts which you may chance to know.



"OUR PALACE."
In Jabalpure Native City, India.

Well, then, 'twas here I lost my heart—
 Twas here I felt young Cupid's dart.
 They say I'm "M. a D." but mad or sane,
 I never want it back again ;
 For I've another in exchange,
 So good and true—in all the range
 Of hearts, throughout the world, not one
 Can e'en compare, beneath the sun.
 And I'm as happy as a lark,
 Though purdahed in this palace dark—
 For me a *Palace of Delight*
 It is, for love illumines sight ;
 And Oh ! I love my Love so well—
 But don't you ever dare to tell !

TO G. F. H——.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE PRESENTATION OF A VALU-
ABLE BIBLE, DEC. 25, '92.

ACCEPT, I pray, this tribute small,
This token of my love ;
And may God's choicest, rarest gifts
Come to thee from above.

Oh, may the peace which Jesus gives
With thee and thine abide,
Filling with joy unspeakable
This blessed Christmas tide !

A FAREWELL MISSIVE TO G. F. H——.

MY heart is full of joy and pride,
My griefs with the old year have died.
Adieu, my Love, and fare-thee-well,
Until my Esther comes to tell
That thou art here ; ah, glad the day

And happy, too, when I shall see
The face that always cheereth me !
I love thee, Darling, more and more,
As hours and days are passing o'er.
God guard and keep thine every way !

A WELCOME HOME TO G. F. H——.

GOOD morning, Dear,
You see we're here
Betimes to say
A glad—" Good day,"
And happy, too,
Be unto you.
We're glad you've come
To Parsonage home.
Pray don't delay
To walk this way ;
We want you here
Our hearts to cheer.
We hope you're well
There's much to tell,
And much to hear
From you, too, Dear.
We long to know
From friend, from foe,
All you have heard,
Yes, every word ;



JAY GEE MILLER.
In Native Indian Costume.

But more to see
Thy face and thee :
Thy voice to hear,
In accents clear,
And soft and low,
For ever so
It is to me.
We'll welcome thee
With glad, good cheer
At "Palace" drear.
My family—
Victor, Jay Gee,
John, Esther, we
Right glad will be
Thy face to see.
How 'is't with thee?
Your's lovingly,
M. a D. Lena me
And family.
1-5-'93.

MY BELOVED.

MY Love is kind, and brave and true ;
And good and honest through and
through.

I love him, aye, I love him well,
More deeply than my tongue can tell.

My heart was sad and pressed with care,
He offered all my griefs to share ;

Then raised the burden from my heart,
Nor left behind a single part.

To "Share," indeed, is this to share ?
To take my burden all and bear

Himself, nor leave for me a woe
Of all the anguish I did know ?

My heart is light and glad and free,
And happy as a heart can be ;

Because I know he loves me, too,
And all I speak, and all I do

He understands, nor is misled
By any whispered evil said

By my false friend or bitter foe,
Who, all unknown, in accents low,

And slanderous words, would e'en defame
Throughout the land, my fair, good name.

Enough, I ask no more than this,
No greater, deeper, purer bliss ;

To know he loves me, and to see
God's hand in bringing him to me.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY SONG.

ONE year of happiness,
One year of joy ;
One year of good for me—
Without alloy.

One year of wedded bliss—
Pure, deep and strong ;
Lifted all grief and woe,
Forgot all wrong.

Shadows which darkly lay
O'er heart and life,
Cares which too sorely pressed,
Struggles and strife—

Vanished they, every one—
Joy came, they fled ;
Forgotten now they are,
Buried and dead.

As this old year goes out,
Joyful am I ;
Oh! may my song of praise
Ascend on high,

Reaching the throne of Him
Who reigns for aye,
Dispensing good to man,
Only, always.

Good, though in form of ill,
Good all must be,
Since " All together work "
For you and me.

Joy fills my heart to-night,
Too deep to tell ;
He who directs my way
Does all things well.

MY LOVE.

THE sky is bright,
The earth is fair ;
Sweet odors fill
The balmy air.
As calm as rivers flowing by,
As deep as ocean corals lie ;

As swift as time,
As broad as space ;
As pure as smile
On infant face ;
As high as Heaven's azure hue,
E'en such the love I feel for you.

As clear as sky,
As true as truth ;
As bright as hope
In heart of youth ;
As pure, as shining and as clear,
As infant's rounded, falling tear.

As warm as blush
On maiden cheeks,
When first her love
Her lover seeks ;
As ceaseless as the ebb and flow
Of life's remittent joy and woe.

As clear as song
Which Seraphs sing,
As pure as gold
In wedding ring ;
As endless as that ring must be,
E'en reaching through eternity.

As tender as
A woman's tear,
When bending o'er
Her baby's bier.
As sweet as perfume in the air,
From roses red, or lilies fair.

As sweet as Spring,
Or breath of May ;
When songsters bright
Have come to stay ;
To build their nests beneath the eaves,
To glean among the harvest sheaves.

As clear as song
Of bird or bee,
E'en nightingale
On yonder tree.
As peaceful as a babe at rest
Upon its mother's loving breast.

More sure than death,
More strong than life,
E'en such the love
Of your fond wife.
As high as Heaven's eternal dome,
As white as angry ocean's foam.

As faithful as
A nun at prayer ;
As changeless as
God's promise there.
As bright as Autumn's changing leaf,
Golden as harvest's ripened sheaf.

E'en such the love
I bear for you,
My Husband, dear,
My Lover true ;
Nor can it ever other be,
In time, or in eternity.

THY LOVE.

THY love? It is my heart's best earthly joy,
Imparting happiness without alloy.
Thy love? It is my treasure, and my pride ;
My sweetest comfort, and my daily guide :—

The thing which makes me brave, and strong and
true ;
And faithful unto Him who gave me you.
Thyself? Indeed, how ever could I bear
My joys and sorrows, without thee to share ?

Thou art my comfort, my supreme delight ;
I know no rest, while thou art out of sight.
Thyself art precious, aye, beyond compare ;
Thy love—pure treasure, ever deep and rare.

My cup of bliss, forever full, thou art ;
Soothing the anguish of my troubled heart.
My strength, my power, my might, my gladness
too ;
My joy in whatsoe'er I have to do.

MY HUSBAND.

HE'S the joy of my life,
He's the star of my soul ;
He brings comfort and cheer,
As the years past me roll.

He's the balm of my woes,
He's the light of my eyes ;
He's so good, pure, and true,
He's so strong and so wise.

Without affectation,
Or vanity weak ;
He's nature's true gentle-
Man, lowly and meek.

My heart's dearest treasure,
God's best gift to me ;
Of all earthly blessings,
Most precious is he.

The delight of my heart,
My spirit's repose ;
He more than makes up
For all my past woes.

His step, so elastic,
My senses doth thrill ;
His presence, with pleasure,
My being doth fill.

His voice, sweetest music
It is to mine ear ;
Most happy am I
While my darling is near.

My head, while reposing
Upon his dear breast,
What comfort, what gladness,
How peaceful the rest !

His strong arms enfolding
My weak, trembling form,
His great heart still throbbing
With pulsations warm ;

I know that he loves me
More tenderly still,
That his cup of gladness
My life helps to fill.

His figure so slender,
So regal and tall,
So lithe and so graceful,
With agile foot-fall;

My Darling is handsome,
Aye, bonny, I ween,
As ever a laddy
Could ever be seen ;

As bright as the sunshine,
As clear as the day
When the storm clouds have broken,
And vanished away.

To me he's most lovely,
So bright and so fair,
With glinting of sun-set
In bonny brown hair.



REV. GEORGE FRANKLIN HOPKINS, A. M.

His face it is perfect,
Though deep lines of care,
Of strength and refinement
You find graven there.

His eyes a deep hazel,
As pure and as true
As infant's sweet thought, or
God's promise to you.

Deep in those liquid depths,
So calm and so serene,
Mirrored a whiter soul
Than e'er before was seen

In human eyes. Deep-lined
His mobile visage fair,
In swiftly changing mood,
How strangely sweet and rare !

Now grave, now glad, now calm,
You may not choose but trace
The lines of beauty rare,
The lines of subtle grace.

A LETTER TO MY HUSBAND.

GOOD-MORNING, my Darling,
My Joy, my Delight !
Last evening I bade thee
A tearful good-night.

Oh, I am so sorry
To have made thee so sad,
Though alway I covet
To make thy heart glad.

My own heart so trembled,
So sobbed in my breast,
I could not restrain it,
Or force it to rest.

The sense of thy absence
Convulsed my whole frame,
As home from the station
I silently came.

I thirst for thy presence ;
I languish alone ;
All joy from my bosom
With thee, Love, hath flown.

Our home is no longer
A bright, cheery place,
Its sunshine has vanished—
The light of thy face.

I pine for thee, Darling ;
No language can tell
How deeply I love thee,
How truly, how well.

Thy presence is pleasure,
Thy absence is pain ;
Oh, when shall I welcome
My loved one again !

I pray for thee, Darling,
Each breath is a prayer,
Commending thee ever
To God's tender care.

Oh, may he restore thee
Quite soon to my heart ;
And bless and defend thee
While we are apart.

Preserve thee from danger
To body, heart, mind,
From sickness and evil
Of every kind.

Yea, prosper thy journey,
And guide all the way ;
And bring us a brighter—
A happier day.

But e'en though He tarry,
And chasten us long,
We'll love Him, and trust Him,
And in Him be strong.

Aye, happy and joyful,
Though poverty come
With hungry, gaunt fingers,
To steal e'en our home.

There 's nothing, my Darling,
Like love, as you know,
And that He has given
Till our cups overflow.

If thou art but happy,
Beloved, I vow
No shadow of sadness
Shall e'er cross my brow.

Thy letter, so precious,
Just come—it is noon—
I thank thee for writing,
My Darling, so soon ;

So lovingly tender,
So true and so wise ;
I wish I were pressing
With kisses thine eyes.

Adieu, my Beloved,
God bless thee alway,
And bring thee back safely,
I earnestly pray.

A RETROSPECT.

MANY and great were the burdens I bore ;
Heavy, too heavy, they bended me o'er.
Crushed to the earth, by oppression and care,
Sorrow and anguish, my portion and share ;
Stricken in body, and tortured in mind,
Seeking to succour, no succour I find.
Bruised and bleeding, sore stricken my heart,
Agony-smitten and blood-sweat did start :
Desolate, weary, bereft and alone ;
Hounded by demons, my pillow a stone.
Broken in spirit, my bosom oppressed,
Clasping my hands o'er my pain-riven breast,
Cried I to Heaven for death's sweet release,
Cried I unceasing for death—death and peace.
Many the days and the nights, numb with pain,
Prayed I for death, o'er again and again ;
Till, from His high seat in Heaven above,
God sent His answer, in mercy and love.
Sent He my husband, so noble so dear ;
Sent me His choice one, to comfort and cheer—
Aye, for He knew him so manly, so strong,
Knew that his great love would compensate wrong.

THREE, OR FORTY-ONE?

“JUST how long have we been wedded?”
 Asked my husband, with caress.
“But three years ! Three years ? Nay, surely,
 One and forty, ’tis, I guess :—

For it seems I’ve ever loved thee,
 That thou hast fore’er been mine ;
I could never live without thee,
 Thou to me the bright sunshine.

Scarcely more than sixteen summers
 Seem to mark thy tranquil brow,
Yet they tell me thou art forty—
 Forty-one, thy birthday, now.

Every day I love thee better,
 To mine eyes thou growest more fair ;
Yet the silver threads are tracing
 Through and through thy rich brown hair.

Ideal wife and perfect woman,
Pattern of what all should be :—
Good and pure and true and precious,
Sweet and dear, thou art to me.

Ever constant in thy friendship,
Faithful in thine every care ;
Strong of faith, and wise in counsel,
All thy husband's life to share.
God bless my Darling.

THE TWO CHIEF PETITIONS.

OH, help me, Lord, to *please* Thee
In every secret thought ;
That all my words and actions
With love divine be fraught ;

To *serve* Thee, blesséd Master,
Through all life's fleeting hours—
Efficiently to serve Thee,
With consecrated powers.

A SNOW STORM AT NIGHT.

SNOW-flakes, shining bright,
Emblems pure of light,
Filling all the night
With a joyous mirth,
How ye shroud the earth,
Sullied from its birth,
Vale and mountain height,
With a mantle white !
Snow-flakes, shining bright,
Here and there ye go
As the breezes blow,
Silently and slow,
Drifting hills of snow—
Pyramids below !
Snow-flakes, shining bright,
How ye blind the sight
With your wings of white,
Flying through the air,
Beautiful and fair,
Spotless, pure and rare !

Snow-flakes, shining bright,
Emblems pure of light,
Here my glad "Good-night,"
 "Good-night."

MY MARY.

FRIEND of my youth, my Mary,
 The beautiful brunette ;
By years and seas divided,
 But oh, I love her yet !
For in my heart no other
 Her place may ever take ;
Still sacred to her friendship,
 I hold it for her sake.

Her great, calm eyes are peaceful,
 As evening's quiet hour ;
And dark as midnight's shadow,
 Beneath the garden bower.
A pure and child-like spirit,
 A keen and fertile mind ;
She's a fair and gracious woman,
 With nature gentle, kind.

WHAT SHALL WE NAME OUR BABY ?

O H, what shall we name our baby boy,
Who fills to the brim our hearts with joy?
Dear gift from the Father's hand above,
The fruit of our happy, wedded love.

He's pure as the dew when first it fell
To kiss the lip of the lily-bell ;
As pure and as fair as falling snow,
Before it has reached the earth below.

He's tender and warm as thine embrace,
When wiping the tears from off my face.
His eyes are as deep and dark and bright,
And clear as thine own dear eyes to-night ;

But then you can see in baby's eyes
A wondering, quest'ning, strange surprise ;
As though he would put, if he could speak,
Full many a question, wise and meek.

When setting, the sun did kiss his hair
And left, in the silken meshes there,
From his ruddy glow, a soft, warm light—
A coronet sweet, with halo bright.

Oh, what shall we name our baby sweet,
With soft, dimpled form and shell-pink feet?
We'll christen him for his father dear,
For his grandsire, too, whom all revere.

MY SOUL AND I.

WHY tremblest thou, my Soul?
Why art thou thus oppress'd?
Arise with all thy might;
Go, work and do thy best.

Dost fear because great weights
Press heavy on thy heart?
Stand firmly now, I pray,
And bravely bear thy part.

Thy Father knows thy strength!
Wilt thou refuse to bear
The burden which He weighs,
And gives thee as thy share?

He honors thee in this,
If heavy be the weight
He lays on thee, then know
Thy work, thy strength, are great.

Do lowering clouds obscure
The glory of thy day?
And is there naught but thorns
And briars in thy way?

Have all thy hopes decayed,
As buds nipped by the frost,
When late the Winter king
The path of Summer crossed?

Do fierce blasts strike and chill
Thy shrinking form, as though
To catch away thy breath,
And stay thy warm blood's flow?

Fear not, be brave and strong,
Thy God is ever near ;
He holds thee in His hand :—
Rest thou in Him, nor fear !

Shrink not beneath thy load,
Nor give thou o'er the strife ;
But put thy trust in Him,
Who gives thee strength and life.

THY WILL.

FATHER, I see
Thou knowest what is best for me,
I trust myself to Thee ;

And pray Thee still,
Thy will, Thy whole, and perfect will,
Ever in me fulfill.

SOLILOQUY IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

AM I in truth a child of God?
Have I indeed His footsteps trod?
Hath He not heard my life-long prayer?
That I am wronged doth He not care?

His will I have desired to know,
And prayed that He my path would show ;
Would make it clear and plain to me,
Just what and where He'd have me be.

To *know*, that I might freely *do*
His will ; and *be* in all things *true*.
Thus have I prayed :—"Lead me ! Lead me !!
I now surrender all to Thee.

I have no will but Thine, no choice,
I listen alway for Thy voice;
Command me now, point out the way,
Or shall I tarry here, and stay

And suffer on, and wait until
Thou come Thyself my soul to fill
With strength and wisdom, courage, power,
To do and dare another hour? "

Thus have I prayed, and waited long,
With patience great, with courage strong ;
Still striving all the long years through,
God's will to know, God's will to do.

No other purpose have I known,
God's will has been my choice alone ;
Yet strange and difficult the way
Through which I've come unto this day.

That I have sinned I do confess
With sorrow, shame and bitterness ;
Neglectful in my duty been,
Full many souls have failed to win ;

Nor tarried long in secret prayer,
When heart-oppressed with anxious care ;
But then, God's promises are clear,
Nor can I find it written here

That through my righteousness alone,
I gain access unto God's Throne—
Nay, nor through any worth of mine,
But through a sacrifice Divine,

Already made upon the tree,
When Jesus died to ransom me.
His promise stands—it must be true—
And all things whatsoever you

Shall ask the Father in my name,
Ye shall receive. Again the same,
The same blest words I find appear
Repeated oft in message clear.

What must I think? Am I insane
That I can doubt God's word again?
The stars may fall, the sun may pale,
But Christ's sure promise ne'er can fail.

I've asked according to His will,
Since it must be that to fulfill
In all my life His purpose true,
To be, to think, to speak, to do

Just what would best please Him always;
To labor, or to wait, to stay
Just where He puts me, asking not
For this or that more favored spot;

In short—to pray to quite fulfill,
In all my life His perfect will,
What could I ask more sure to be
With His pure will in harmony?

Then if, indeed, God answers prayer,
I must have been His constant care.
He must have guided all my ways,
And somehow wrought them to His praise.

And yet my life is so o'ercast
With shadows deep, with shackles fast ;
That ever and anon I cry
Aloud with pain, and question why

This burden great, this heavy cross,
This broken bond, this dire loss.
I may not know, I cannot tell ;
Enough,—“ He doeth all things well.”

He hears my prayers, He knows my woes,
He'll vanquish all my bitter foes.
Though He should slay me, yet would I
Upon His promises rely.

A TALK WITH GOD.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.”—Psalms xxiii, 4.

JESUS, Saviour, Thou hast loved me,
Let me tell my woe to Thee :
All the anguish that I suffer.
All the bitterness I see.

Thou hast led me, blessed Master,
Thou hast guided me aright,
Through the fierce and raging tempest,
Through the dark and stormy night.

This the boon I asked in starting
On the long, uncertain way,
Only to be led and guided
Every moment, every day.

Health, success or earthly pleasure,
Friends to comfort, or to cheer ;
Honor, wealth, rest, ease or gladness :—
None of these I held so dear.

Only just to feel the pressure
Of my hand within Thine own ;
And to know each moment surely,
That I traveled not alone.

Not alone, but in Thy presence,
Held, sustained and led by Thee,
In a path not of my choosing—
One which Thou alone couldst see.

Thus I prayed—at morn, at even,
Earnestly and tearfully ;
Till I knew my prayer was answered ;
And I journeyed cheerfully.

Journeyed on in perfect trusting,
Leaving all I loved behind ;
With no fear of harm or danger,
Thinking naught but good to find.

Then the darkness gathered round me—
Heavy, thick, with fetid breath ;
And the air grew cold about me,
Like the clammy chill of death.

“ Jesus, Saviour, art Thou near me ? ”
Straight I cried—by fear dismayed ;
Then I felt Thy hand-clasp tighten,
And my spirit, it was stayed.

On I journeyed up the mountain—
Rugged, steep, a foot-path way—
Through the darkness clinging to Thee,
Lest, perchance, my feet should stray.

Heavy grew the weight I carried,
Pierced my feet by crag and thorn ;
Torn and bleeding, bruised and weary—
Aching limbs still journeyed on.

In the darkness, by the wayside,
Lo, a figure all in white !
Smiled upon me as I passed him,
Like a spirit of the light.

Surely this a friend I thought me,
One of God's own children dear ;
'Tis a joy to meet thus haply,
On this path so lone and drear.

Quicker than the thought in forming,
Flashed a dagger in the rear—
Hurled with deadly aim and purpose—
Poisoned dagger. Mortal fear !

Straight into my quiv'ring tissues,
Tearing flesh and bone apart,
Sped this thing of death and terror,
Well-nigh reaching to my heart.

Staggering, fainting, falling, dying—
Cried I out in helpless woe—
"O my God, do Thou avenge me,
Save me from this bitter foe !"

"Fear not them who kill the body—"
Came the answer—calm and strong.
Then I dared not look behind me,
Nay, nor think him any wrong.

“Forgive and love thine enemy.”

Strange order to me giv'n !

Offer the other cheek to him

Who hath my whole life riv'n ?

“Be still, and know that I am God—”

“A still small voice” replied—

While in an agony of pain

I wept aloud, and cried :—

“Oh, let me die ! I ask but this,

I cannot travel more ;

My burden far too heavy is,

My wounds are deep and sore.”

Down stooping low to where I lay—

A crushed and mangled thing—

Beneath mine arms Thy hands to place,

And raise as if on wing.

Another touch, a touch Divine,

Thrilled through my trembling form ;

My blood was stanch'd, my wounds were
healed,

My breath came quick and warm.

So now I travel on again,
With light and joyous tread ;
Because upon my narrow path,
The light of God is shed.

And as I journey ever on,
I know Thy mighty grasp
Will still enfold my trembling hand
In close, unyielding clasp.

What matters it—that in my soul
All earthly hopes lie dead ?
That from my life, and from my love,
All earthly friends have fled ?

Lost my fair name ! by slanderous tongue
Polluted quite—defamed ;
Yet, while no wrong my life has marred,
Why should I be ashamed ?

It matters not ! Hold Thou my hand,
And I will follow Thee,
My God ! This still my only prayer—
Thy will be done in me.

A THANK-OFFERING.

O GOD, I thank Thee for this human life,
Replete with blessings, and with pleasure
rife.
I thank Thee for my birth in Christian land,
Where freedom's banners wave, and heroes
stand
Ready to do or dare at Country's call,
For her to conquer, or for her to fall.
I thank Thee for my parents, true and strong,
Who bade me do the right, eschew the wrong.
For Christian friends, who gathered 'round my
youth,
Who scorned a lie, and glorified the truth.
For Christian influence all around me shed,
Through my whole life, e'en from my cradle bed.
For all example and instruction good,
Leading me on to noble womanhood.
For means of Grace, so helpful to the soul,
As quickly past the days and years do roll ;

The Gospel message, from the pulpit crest,
With holy unction sent at Thy behest.
For Thy blest Word of truth, in mercy given,
To guide my footsteps toward the gate of
Heaven.

For sweet communion with Thy children dear,
My heart to comfort, and my life to cheer.
For all the education I have gained,
From school, or books, or howsoe'er obtained ;
From contact with the world, from pain severe,
From crushing sorrow, or from watchings drear ;
From patient waitings 'mid my doubts and fears,
Until Thy mighty hand the pathway clears.
For discipline of character and mind,
In labor and in struggle, which I find ;
For culture of the heart and of the soul,
For patience sweet, aye, and for self-control.
I thank Thee for them all so kindly giv'n
To crown my life, and fit my soul for Heaven.
Thank Thee for mighty reason, thought and
speech,

For influence so subtle as to reach
The hidden chambers of man's inner soul,
To move, to actuate, inspire, control ;
Reflection, too, imagination, grace,
Through all Thy works Thy hand to surely trace;

Perception, too, and judgment, clear and strong,
To quick discern between the right and wrong;
Free-agency, and e'en a God-like will—
To choose or to refuse at pleasure still.
These attributes so noble, where we trace
Thy gifts peculiar to the human race.
For memory, by which I do recall
The blessings of my life, both great and small.
For power to love, to suffer, to rejoice;
To hear and recognize Thy "still small voice."
I thank Thee, Father, for salvation's plan,
And for Thy best and richest gift to man;—
E'en Christ, the Lord, Who, from Thy throne
above
Did come to earth to prove Thy wondrous love;
To suffer and to die for human sin,
His blood Divine to shed, man's ransom win.

"BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL!"

NOW let me raise my voice to Thee,
In one glad shout of ecstasy,
O God, Most High !

Upon my soul I call to-night,
For all that's good, and all that's right,
To praise Thy name.

For life, and health, and pleasure, too ;
For friends to love, and work to do,
I thank Thee, Lord.

For daily food, sufficient, good ;
Because Thou hast quite understood
My every need.

E'en clothing, too, Thou dost supply,
From Thy rich wardrobe in the sky,
All spotless, bright.

A robe of righteousness Divine—
Christ's very own—hast made it mine ;
All praise to Thee !

I thank Thee that my high-born soul
Must live while ceaseless ages roll,
Eternally.

That Thou hast bid it never die,
But sing Thy praises clear and high,
Forevermore.

That Thou hast willed that I should be
Through all eternity with Thee ;
Thy face behold.

Who spake, and darkness disappeared,
And mountain pillars stately reared,
While earth was born.

Who bade the morning ope her eye ;
And made the rainbow span the sky,
A halo bright.

Who bade the morning stars rejoice,
And gave to everything a voice
Thy name to praise.

Who decked the earth with herbage rare,
And planted gems and minerals there,
Of worth untold.

I thank Thee for this world so fair,
For all the beauties I may share,
Fresh from Thine hand.

For rivers' ceaseless, onward flow,
Which breathe Thy praises as they go
To meet the sea.

For oceans' surging billows deep ;
E'en for the secrets that they keep,
Known but to Thee.

For waters deep, and dark, and still,
For rushing, dancing, laughing rill ;
For dew-drops bright.

For rain's delicious, liquid fall,
When gaping sod, and shrub, and all
The world's athirst.

For scented clover, perfumed air ;
For Spring's bright promise, aspect fair ;
All praise to Thee.

For birds in holiday attire,
Which join the everlasting choir
 To sing Thy praise.

For Summer's deep and mellow tone,
When all the Spring seed has been sown,
 And harvest waits.

For fleecy clouds in Summer skies ;
For cooling vapors, as they rise
 At break of day.

For blossom's gay and varied hue,
Exhaling perfume through the dew,
 At rise of sun.

For song of bird, and hum of bee,
For all the beauty that we see
 Spread out to view.

For Autumn's brilliant, changing leaf ;
For minor tone of pain's relief,
 At close of year.

For all the glories Winter brings ;
When leaf, and flower, and bird take wings
 And fly away.

For Winter's blast, and Summer's breeze ;
For great, and small, and giant trees,
Clothed white or green.

For night's deep shade, for day's broad light ;
For twilight dim, for morning bright ;
For evening rest.

For quiet hour at even-tide,
When Heaven's gate stands open wide
To hear our prayer.

For all the beauty Thou hast given,
To rest the heart, and point to Heaven
The weary soul.

UNWORTHY.

O GOD, I know it is not meet
Thy blessed name to take
Within these sin-polluted lips,
E'en song of praise to wake.

Yet in the name of Jesus Christ
I dare to come to Thee,
For all my guilt and all my woe
He bore upon the tree.

My punishment for me He bore,
The just for the unjust.
That I might live He bled and died—
Oh, in His name I trust !

Unworthy of Thy notice, Lord,
Unworthy of Thy grace ;
Yet in the name of Thy dear Son
I humbly seek Thy face.

GOD'S PURCHASE-RIGHT.

DEAR Father in Heaven,
I covet to be,
In heart and in spirit,
All Thou would'st have me.

My sins Thou forgavest,
For Jesus' dear sake,
Now take me and mould me
And fashion and make—

The thing Thou would'st have me
Forever to be,
All spotless and holy
And perfect like Thee.

I'm Thine, blessed Father,
Creation's first right
Proclaims me Thy creature,
By wisdom and might.

Thou formedst my body,
My mind and my soul,
And joined them together
In one perfect whole.

This wonderful body,
Of fair, graceful mould,
I, bartered for evil,
To Satan I sold.

My mind, with its powers
Of reason and thought,
I recklessly raffled,
And gave it for naught.

My soul, which Thou madest
In Thine image rare,
To live through the ages
Eternally fair—

My spirit immortal,
My God-given soul,
To live while the years
Unceasingly roll,

I sold for an hour's
Brief pleasure and mirth,
The part which Thou madest
Of such priceless worth.

Alas for my spirit,
My body and mind !
But Thou did'st a ransom
Most graciously find.

To rescue from sorrow,
From Satan, from sin,
Thou gavest Thy Loved One
My ransom to win.

To purchase from Satan
That which I had lost
Required this stupendous,
Amazing, great cost.

By right of creation,
By purchase and blood,
I'm Thine now and ever,
All glory to God !

FOR ME.

FOR me, for me God gave His Son,
His Well-beloved, His only One,
To suffer in my stead and die ;
To leave the glories of the sky,
His Father's throne, His Father's face ;
The highest privilege and place
Within His Father's house above :
The adoration and the love
Of angel-hosts and seraphim,
Whose worship, and whose love of Him,
Was equal to their love of God.
For me He felt the scourging rod ;
For me was spat upon and mocked.
For me He bore His cross and walked
Till fainting fell. For me the shame
He bore, false accusation, blame.
For me His sacred temples bled ;
A crown of thorns upon His head.
With my deep guilt pressed on Him sore
He groaned, and sweat great drops of gore.

For me He wandered homeless, lone,
Pillowed His head Divine on stone.
"Foxes have holes, the bird a nest,"
But God's dear Son no place of rest.
"Exceeding sorrowful" His soul,
For me He drained the bitter bowl.
God's angels might not Him defend
'Gainst armed soldiers come to take
Their willing Victim to the stake.
For me His friends forsook Him there ;
All fled away, nor staid to share
His more than human pain and woe.
Falsely accused by bitter foe
He answered not ! For me, for me,
He chose to bear fierce agony.
For me He bled ! For me He died !!
For me God's Son was crucified !!!
His hands and feet were pierced that I
Might never, never, never die.
For me He hung upon the tree,
That I eternal bliss might see.
For me unto the Father cried,
Then yielded up the ghost and died.
For me the Father hid His face—
Amazing love ! Stupendous grace !
Small wonder that the earth did quake,
And all creation shuddering shake ;

The buried dead from graves arise,
And lightnings rend the startled skies ;
The sun his face in darkness hide,
While deepest night spread far and wide.
Quick midday turned to midnight gloom,
As Christ, the Lord, stooped to the tomb.
The temple's veil was rent in twain,
For now the Lamb of God was slain ;
Henceforth no priest need intercede,
Nor sacrificial fires may feed ;
Within the holy place no more
Need shed for sin ram's vulgar gore ;
Since Heaven's gate stands open wide—
Eternal justice satisfied.
A perfect sacrifice is made,
And man's deep debt for sin is paid.
“ 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done,”
The Father offered up His Son
To suffer death upon the tree,
A ransom paid for me, for me !
His sacred body in the tomb
Must know its deepest, darkest gloom.
But death's cold fetters, grave's embrace,
May not long hide the Conqueror's face ;
He bursts death's chain asunder now—
All nature's laws to Him must bow.

For aye death's bitterness He quells,
The grave's deep gloom for aye dispels.
The Victor rises from the tomb,
And conquers death and hell and gloom.
Transcendent mercy, love and grace
Surpassing knowledge, in Him trace.
Beaming His countenance doth shine
With every attribute Divine.
Ascends He now His Father's throne
To intercede with Him alone.
For me, for whom He died, He pleads ;
For me with groanings intercedes ;
He shows His hands, His feet, His side,
And begs God's grace for whom He died.
It is obtained, God loves His Son,
Who hath my costly pardon won.
Aye, strange and marvelous to tell,
God loves me, too, and loves me well.
A sinner lost and doomed to die,
My ransom gave His Son to buy.
He signs my pardon, grants me grace ;
While Christ, His Son, prepares a place
Among the many mansions there,
Where I may dwell with Him and share,
Forevermore, His boundless love,
And mingle with His saints above ;

And gaze upon his face—nor die—
But sing His praises clear and high.
Until I reach that blessed home,
While here on earth my footsteps roam,
He guides my way—but, stranger still,
He comes Himself my soul to fill
With His own presence, sweet and dear,
To comfort, actuate and cheer.
He grants me holy converse sweet,
While humbly bowing at His feet.
He calls me sister, friend and bride,
While closely clinging to His side.
Companion nearest, dearest He ;
From harm and sin He shelters me.
He ever holds my trembling hands ;
My secret thought He understands :
He hears my prayers, he knows my fears,
He wipes away my falling tears.
If darkness gather round my way,
He makes the night-shade as the day.
All things together work for good,
I would not change them if I could.
For me, for me, all things are done,
By God the Father, Spirit, Son,
To crown my life and make it blest,
And bring me to eternal rest.

CONSECRATION.

O GOD, accept the sacrifice
 I fain would bring to Thee,
 And teach me how to offer it,
 And may it holy be !

My body, mind and spirit, Lord,
 With all their powers I bring,
 And consecrate them to Thy use,
 A free-will offering.

My tongue—Oh, may it sing Thy praise,
 And glorify Thy name,
 But never utter ought that could
 Unto Thy cause bring shame !

My lips accept, and unction give,
 That they Thy truth may teach ;
 To all the world Thy message tell,
 Thy holy Gospel preach.

Oh, keep my lips from speaking lies,
My tongue from low deceit ;
May all my words be true and pure,
For Thy blest service meet !

Aye, keep the gateway of my mouth,
For Jesus' sake, I pray ;
That I may honor Thee, O Lord,
In every word I say.

My voice is Thine, and Thine alone,
Oh, tune it to Thy praise,
That it may wake sweet melody
Throughout eternal days :

That it may reach all bleeding hearts,
To comfort, bless and cheer ;
Wherever human hearts do bleed,
Through all life's fleeting year.

Mine eyes accept, and may they see
All work that should be done ;
Thy wandering sheep, Oh, may they find,
The lost that can be won.

May they search out the good in man,
Though to their faults not blind,
Yet judging none, however low,
And to all mortals kind.

Oh, may they see more clearly still
The wonders Thou hast made ;
And mark each beauty from Thine hand,
Before that beauty fade.

Though in Thy great creation, Lord,
Thy hand they clearly trace,
Yet may they never rest content
Till they behold Thy face.

My ears I consecrate to Thee,
That they may hear and know
Thy " still small voice " within my soul,
Though very soft and low ;

That they may quickly recognize
The penitent's deep groan ;
May hear at once the wanderer's sigh,
The suffering heart's low moan ;

The outcast's deep, despairing wail ;
The horror-stricken cry
Of those who, unprepared to go,
Are yet about to die ;

The broken accents of Thy saints,
Whose dying message clear
Might serve to bless the sorrowing friends,
While still they linger here.

Oh, may they ever open be
To every sound of woe ;
But closed forever to his voice
Who is my soul's deep foe !

So subtle are his words, dear Lord,
So soft his voice to hear,
That I would never know his tone,
His voice and words I fear.

I pray Thee, therefore, make me deaf
To all his whispered speech ;
That I may never understand
That which he seeks to teach.

Keep me from hearing doctrine false
And sinful words profane ;
From list'ning e'er to Satan's calls
That would my spirit stain.

O Father, blessed Father, mine,
I pray Thee stoop so low,
That I may hear Thy voice alway
And never hear Thy foe.

My countenance to Thee I give ;
Oh, may it beam with love,
So tender, and so pitiful,
E'en like that shown above !

So that, as through the world I go,
An influence, calm and still,
May thrill through every human heart,
With joy and peace to fill.

Oh, shine Thou through my face, dear Lord,
A radiance Divine,
Inspiring every breast with love,
Great love for Thee and Thine.

My hands and feet I offer Thee,
For labors great and small ;
To entertain Thy stranger guest,
Or serve in banquet hall.

To write at Thy dictation, Lord,
Or wash Thy children's feet ;
To fight in battle's foremost rank,
Or rear, as seemeth meet.

For Thee to ride, to walk, to wait ;
Thy mighty sword to wield
In deadly conflict with the foe,
On Thy great battle-field.

To dress the wounds, and tend the sick ;
E'en give the rations out ;
To run upon Thine errands, Lord,
With footsteps swift and stout.

To labor in Thy harvest field,
With sickle or with hoe ;
To gather in the golden grain,
Or next year's seed to sow.

My hands and feet—Oh, take them, Lord,
That they may do Thy will ;
For better service fit them, Lord,
For future conflict, drill.

My bones and muscles, tendons, nerves,
Brain, blood and vital breath ;
Are Thine alone while life shall last ;
Are Thine alone in death.

Oh, give me strength of body, Lord,
And health to toil for Thee,
However difficult the task,
That I may ready be.

Oh, use this dying body, Lord,
Thy purpose great fulfill ;
That it may not have lived in vain,
But served, and done Thy will !

Take Thou my mind, with all its powers
Of reason, judgment, thought ;
And may its gifts, all sanctified,
With mighty power be fraught !

My heart, with its affections, Lord,
Its deepest, purest, best,
Is Thine through time, eternity;
Through conflict, and through rest.

Oh, fill it with Thy presence now ;
I open wide its door,
And bid Thee enter in, dear Lord,
And dwell forevermore.

Cast out "the strong man armed," I pray,
And fill its every part
With Thy Divine effulgence, Lord,
Thou Monarch of my heart.

Oh, make it bigger day by day,
Enlarge it hour by hour ;
Expand its walls on every side,
Increase its loving power !

Endow with every heavenly grace
And attribute Divine
This sin-purged, God-filled, human heart,
It is no longer mine ;

But "temple of the Holy Ghost,"
Where Thou supreme dost reign ;
Oh, may I not defile, or mar,
With sin pollute or stain ;

But keep it ever clean and pure,
As Thou wouldst have it be,
Thy Holy Spirit's dwelling place,
Thine own abode in me:—

Adorned with hope, and faith, and love,
With truth and purity ;
With patience, meekness, goodness, grace,
With gentle charity :

And may sweet odors all pervade,
E'en humble, grateful prayer ;
Ascending from Thy temple, Lord,
An incense choice and rare.

O God, to Thee I offer now
My soul's immortal powers ;
Oh, may they be a praise to Thee
Throughout eternal hours !

My soul itself, which Thou hast made
Immortal as Thou art,
Unto Thee now I consecrate,
With body, mind and heart.

Myself, with every power of mind,
And attribute of soul ;
A living sacrifice I yield,
And consecrate the whole.

Oh, clothe me with the righteousness
Of Jesus Christ, Thy Son,
Who hath for me a ransom paid,
My full salvation won !

I fain would wear His armor, too,
Bright shining as the light ;
When forth I go to battle, Lord,
In conflict for the right.

My will, so dominant and strong,
Must quite surrendered be,
Obedient forevermore,
To have no choice but Thee.

My time, yea, all my hours and days,
To Thee I freely give ;
For Thee to labor or to wait,
For Thee alone to live.

My reputation, Oh ! how dear
It was to me before,
But now 'tis Thine without dispute,
And Thine forevermore.

My influence, e'en take it, Lord,
And so increase its scope,
That it may reach all burdened hearts,
To fill with joy and hope.

My health, my property, and all
Thou lendest me to use ;
Oh, help me Lord, to husband them,
To use, but not abuse.

My noble occupation, Lord,
I dedicate to Thee ;
And thank Thee that in this great gift
Thou hast so honored me.

Oh, bless me in the healing art,
Still more and more, I crave ;
Grant skill, and tact, and judgment clear
To rescue from the grave :—

To stay the course of fierce disease,
To hold the white horse back,
E'en stand between the suffering one
And grim death's onward track.

Thou art the great Physician, Lord,
The healing art is Thine,
Oh, may Thy skill, Thy judgment clear,
Thy power to heal, be mine !

And as I may restore to health,
And give relief from pain,
Oh, help me tell Thy gospel truth,
The spirit to sustain !

My love of home, and native land,
My love of kindred near ;
My love of husband, children, friends—
All things most precious here.

My *all* I consecrate to Thee,
A free-will offering ;
Thou art my portion evermore,
My Father, Friend and King.

This offering I pray, accept,
This sacrifice of mine ;
And may it pure and holy be,
With altar-fire to shine !

SUPPLICATION.

O GOD, for Jesus' blessed sake,
I dare to come to Thee and make
My humble vow, and earnest prayer,
And hope Thy tender grace to share.
He bids me come ! I may not fear,
Nor doubt that Thou wilt surely hear,
Since Thou didst give Thy Son to die
That I might, even now, draw nigh ;
And wash me in the cleansing flood,
Which flows from Calv'ry—Jesus' blood !
Shed once for all—for Adam's race.
O love amazing ! wondrous grace !
I come, but Thou must teach me how
To make my prayer, to pay my vow ;
For I am very blind and weak,
Oh, teach me how Thyself to seek !
Look down in mercy, as I bow
In humble supplication now ;
And fill my heart with love Divine,
And let Thy face upon me shine ;

Until I feel the wondrous glow
Of love, confirmed by Calv'ry's flow.
If Thou wilt be my Friend indeed,
To help me in my hour of need ;
To raise me up, when I am low,
And show me where I ought to go.
If Thou wilt help me every hour,
And give me strength, and grace, and power,
And make me wise, and brave, and true,
And teach me what I ought to do.
If Thou wilt lead me day by day,
And never let me from Thee stray ;
But manifest Thyself to me,
The one eternal God in three.
If Thou wilt ope my eyes and ears,
And take away all groveling fears,
And make me see, and hear, and know
All Thou wouldst teach me here below.
If Thou wilt show me all Thy will,
And help me so my hours to fill
With loving service, all for Thee,
Done gladly, freely, joyfully ;
So that Thou shalt be satisfied,
And wilt fore'er with me abide,
Making me more and more like Thee,
And perfecting Thy will in me.

If Thou wilt reign within my breast,
The one supreme and honored guest ;
Thine every grace and beauty bring,
Dispelling every evil thing ;
If Thou wilt hide my life in Thine,
So that Thy life through me may shine,
A beacon to illumine the way
From earthly paths, to realms of day ;
That all my thoughts, and words, and deeds,
May prove good, living, fertile seeds,
Planted in soil of richest mould,
Which shall bear fruit—a thousand fold.
If Thou wilt in my heart abide,
Thou Lamb of God, once crucified !
And if Thou wilt Thyself reveal,
So that Thy presence I may feel :—
Then will I—Oh ! what can I bring
A glad and willing offering ?
Since all I have, and am, are Thine,
Purchased and sealed by blood Divine ;
Nothing remains for me to give,
I can but on Thy bounty live ;
Thy gracious word prolongs my days,
Thou know'st my secret thoughts and ways.

INTERCESSION.

DEAR Father in Heaven, Thy name I adore,
Though all so unworthy, Thy grace I implore ;

In Jesus' dear name, and for His blessèd sake,
Through faith in His Word, my petition I make.
Oh, bless my dear husband, restore him to health !

Rebuke Thou the demon, who comes with such stealth,

To wrest from my bosom my loved one so soon ;
Do Thou all the cords of his being attune.

Aye, grant to my Darling Thy choicest and best,
Thy indwelling presence, Thy comfort and rest ;
Thy grace and Thy wisdom, Thy peace and Thy power,

Sufficient, O Father, for each day and hour.

Oh, help him to please Thee in spirit and thought,
And may all his words and his actions be fraught
With purpose so lofty, with motive so pure,
Inspired by Thy Spirit for aye to endure !

Oh, help him to serve Thee efficiently, well !
Thine own Gospel message with unction to tell ;
To gather Thy scattered and wandering sheep,
The lambs of Thy pasture to feed and to keep
Safe-sheltered from harm in Thy warm Gospel
fold,
Thy lost ones to search for, Thy weak ones to
hold.
Anoint him anew Thy salvation to teach,
Baptise with Thy Spirit Thy Gospel to preach.

Give souls for his wages, and cause him to win
Thy prodigal ones from the thralldom of sin.
Oh, bless him “exceeding abundantly” more
Than e’er I could think or desire or implore !
At last, when he’s suffered and done all Thy will,
Then grant him a throne at Thy right hand to
fill ;
A crown and a sceptre forever to bear,
The glories of Heaven forever to share.

Bless Father, dear Father who’s served Thee so
long ;
Though feeble in body, in spirit yet strong.

Oh, suffer Thine handmaid his joy to increase,
To crown all his days with sweet comfort and
peace !

Oh, may the last years of his life be the best,
Then grant him Thy Heaven, Thy crown and
Thy rest !

Bless Mother, Thy presence to know and Thy
love ;

Prepare her a mansion of glory above.

On Willa Thy gifts, e'en the choicest, bestow,
And grant her Thy fullest salvation to know ;
Oh, help her to please Thee—accomplish Thy
will,

Her mission in life and Thy purpose fulfill.
My Brothers, so precious, Oh, bless and inspire
With courage and unction and heavenly fire,
Thy message of truth to the world to proclaim,
Ascribing all honor to Jesus' dear name.

Dear Esther and John, and the children all four—
The faithful and true from the bright coral shore—
Oh, fill them with wisdom and light from above,
To bear to the heathen Thy message of love !

For friends, and all kindred, dear Lord, would I
 plead ;
Bless each one as Thou seest each one to have
 need ;
Thou knowest the loved ones for whom I would
 pray,
Companions of childhood and womanhood they.

Have mercy on all that are poor and oppressed,
And grant to the weary and burdened Thy rest ;
The widow and orphan, the lonely and sad,
Oh, comfort, and succor, and cheer and make
 glad !

May wars and contentions and strivings all cease,
Until all the nations of earth be at peace ;
May mortals no longer bow down on the sod
In worship of idols, but serve Thee, O God !

Thy watchmen, O Lord, who must sound the alarm
To save all the city—preserve them from harm ;
Arouse Thou the people, and save every soul—
Oh, hasten Thy coming, and take full control ;
Then reign Thou supremely, O Saviour of all !
Till nations and kindred before Thee shall fall,
And glad hallelujahs in triumph shall sing,
And crown Thee, Lord Jesus, Messiah and King.

FAITH.

THOUGH my hopes, so fondly cherished,
Side by side, lie cold and dead ;
Though my famished soul, a-begging,
Still on empty husks be fed ;

Though the tree refuse its shelter,
And the sun his genial ray,
Till in blackest robes of midnight,
Closely veil'd, appears the day ;

Though the clouds be lock'd forever,
And the thirsty earth go dry,
Till the mighty forest perish,
And the lovely flowers die ;

Though the mother-bird seek vainly,
For the tiny bit of food—
Crumb, or worm, or ripened berry,
Nothing finds for starving brood :—

Still I'll trust in God the Father,
For I know He reigns above,
And whatever happens to me,
Still He lives—the God of love.

HOLD MY HAND.

LEAD me—O my Saviour—lead me
Every moment, every day ;
Other business, other purpose,
None have I, nor other way.

Just to follow Thee, my Master,
This my only wish on earth ;
All things else I count as nothing,
All things else of little worth.

Hold my hand—Oh ! hold it firmly,
Let it never slip away ;
Keep my feet through all the journey,
May they never, never stray !

Hold my hand—O blessed Jesus—
Let me feel Thee ever near ;
Then, whatever ills befall me,
In Thy presence naught I'll fear.

Though the way be fraught with danger,
Though my path a rugged steep ;
I shall fear not, for my Leader
Doth not slumber, doth not sleep.

Hold my hand, O God, my Father,
Through this wilderness of woe ;
If Thou journey not before me,
Then I will not—*dare not* go.

Dangers great and fierce await me !
If *Thou* go not, then, I pray
Send me not alone to perish
In the dark and toilsome way.

Hold my hand, O God Almighty—
Hold it closer, closer still ;
Manifest Thy presence to me,
Thus Thy promise sure fulfill.

See ! my heart is heavy laden,
And my head bent low with care ;
Let me bring my burden to Thee,
Who hast *offered* it to bear.

Thou hast said—Thou *carest* for me !
Here, I'll lay it at Thy feet :—
Heavy load which I have carried,
Through the fierce and scorching heat.

It had grown so very heavy
That I could not bear it more ;
And I fainted by the wayside—
From the heat, and weight, and sore.

For my feet were bruised and weary,
From the roughness of the way ;
And the wounds received in conflict
Festered deeper every day.

Thou wast with me then, my Saviour,
Gently leading—hour by hour—
But I trusted not Thy promise,
And I tested not Thy power.

Now, I bring Thee this great burden,
And I lay it down for aye ;
Take instead Thy peace, and comfort ;
Joy, and rest, and heavenly ray.

Lead me on—O Holy Spirit—
By Thy waters calm and still ;
Make me lie in Thy green pastures,
With Thy love my spirit fill.

Oh ! restore my soul, Almighty,
Everlasting, Triune One—
One in Three—the God Jehovah—
Father, Holy Ghost, and Son.

Blessed be Thy Name forever !
Glory, honor, praise to Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—
Mighty Godhead—One in Three !

“THOU ART WORTHY”—A TRIBUTE
OF PRAISE.

I WILL join the heavenly chorus,
And with angel voices sing
Praises to my Lord and Saviour,
Glory to my God and King ;

Prostrate fall before His presence,
And with His archangels cry :—
“Holy, holy, holy Father ;
Holy, holy God, Most High !”

Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy,
Glory, honor to receive ;
Power, and majesty, and worship ;
For Thou didst from death relieve

Sinful man—from Thy Grace fallen—
By the gift of Thy dear Son ;
Who, unto Thy face and favor,
Hath for all sure passport won.

Worthy, worthy, Thou art worthy,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;
Glory, honor, power and blessing,
Evermore be unto Thee.

Riches, wisdom, strength and worship,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Man from sin, and death, and judgment
Thou didst *suffer* to relieve.

Kings and Priests unto Jehovah
Thou hast made us evermore ;
Since upon the cross of Calv'ry
Thou our sins and sorrows bore.

Worthy, worthy, Thou art worthy,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Veil your faces, fall before Him,
Ransomed, Blood-washed, Heavenly Host !

Angels, and Archangels, bowing,
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise ;
All ye Hosts of Heaven, uniting,
One great anthem to Him raise.

Sons of men, your sins confessing,
Fall ye prostrate to the ground ;
Till one mighty hallelujah
Through all Heaven and Earth resound.

Every living thing in Heaven,
Every living thing on earth ;
Shout aloud, in joyful accent,
Praise to Him who gave you birth.

Every creature in the water,
Every bird that's in the air,
Every beast of prey, or burden,
In this song of praise may share.

Rocks and Hills—your silence breaking—
Cry ye out Jehovah's Name ;
Who—from age to age enduring—
Yesterday, to-day, the same.

Earth, and Sea, and Mount, and Valley ;
Tree, and Shrub, and Planet far ;
Sun, and Moon, and darting Comet ;
Spheres unnumbered, distant Star ;

Sing your great Creator's praises—
Shout for joy, ye Sons of God!
Every thing He hath created—
Underneath, above the sod,

Join in one tremendous chorus—
Fill the universe with song—
Pass it down into the ages,
Through eternity prolong :—

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit—
Everlasting, Three in One!
Amen.

716

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